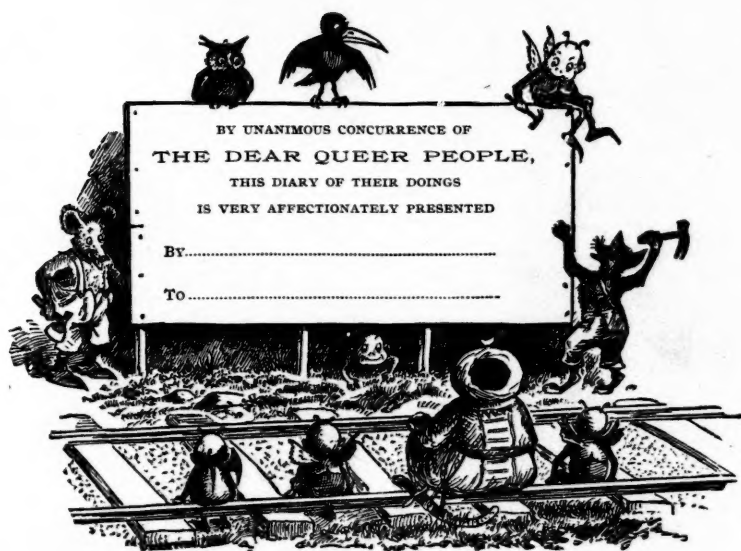






QUEER PEOPLE

AND THEIR

KWEER KAPERS.

Birds That Talk.
Giants That Flee.
Beasts That Think.
Insects That Flirt.
Sprites That Dance.

WITH THEIR VARIOUS ANTICS ILLUSTRATED.

By PALMER COX.

Author of THE BROWNSIES.

ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, BY

PALMER COX,

AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



PREFATORY NOTE.

A FEW of the pieces with the accompanying illustrations, that were so remarkably popular when they appeared under copyright protection in "Harper's Young People," "St. Nicholas" and "Little Folks," have, by the courtesy of the Publishers of those charming juvenile magazines, been incorporated here in permanent form.

HUBBARD BROS.

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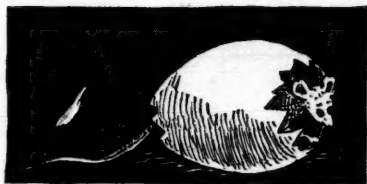
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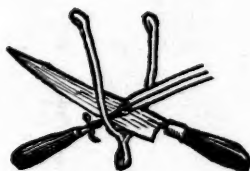
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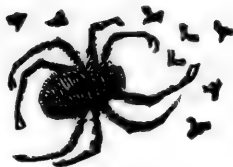


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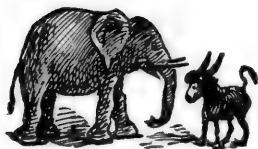


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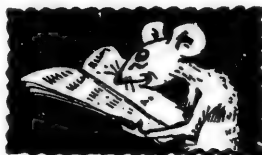
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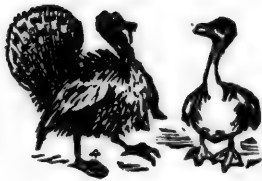
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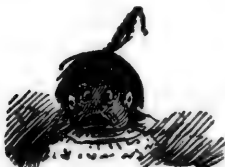
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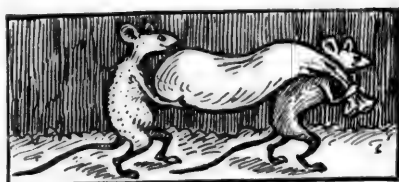
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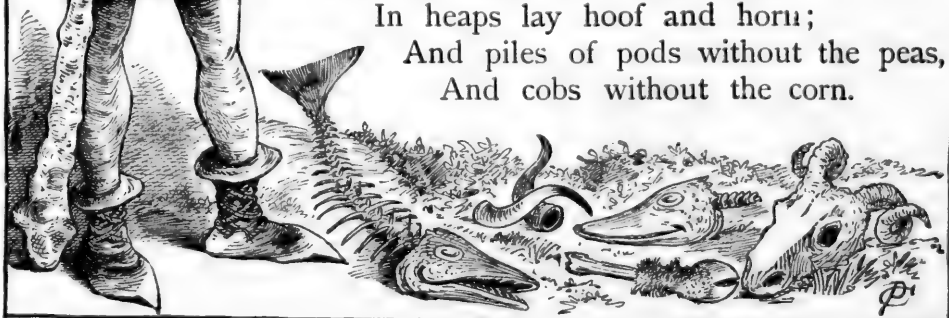


RIM GRIFFIN was a giant bold,
Who lived beside the sea;
A terror to the country wide,
From Galway to Tralee.

The farmers knew his heavy tread,
Which seemed to shake the land,
When coming from his castle tall,
That overlooked the strand.

At times he carried off their fruit,
At times their stacks of grain;
At times he took the fattest brute
That grazed upon the plain.

And out before his castle door,
In heaps lay hoof and horn;
And piles of pods without the peas,
And cobs without the corn.



But not alone to farmer's goods
Was Griffin's acts confined.



At certain seasons of the year,
To fish his taste inclined,

And when the hardy fishermen
Came toiling near the strand,



The giant would disperse the crew
And drag their net to land.

At last the men, of nothing sure
Forsook the coast for good,



And left the giant to procure
His fish as best he could.

Then often with a mighty pole,
And lengthy line to match,
He sat beside the foaming tide,
His morning meal to catch.

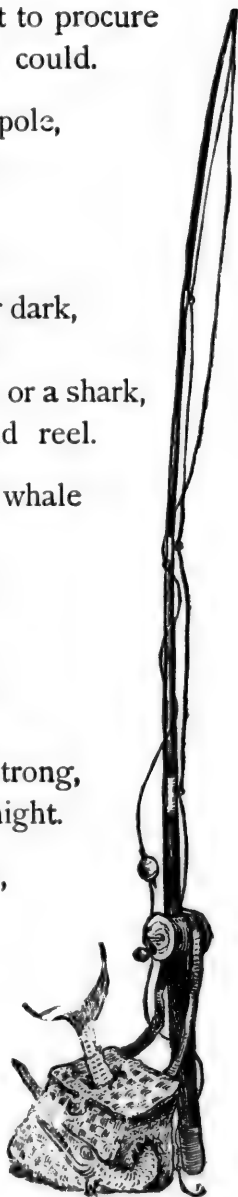
At times he hooked a weever dark,
A salmon or an eel,
And next a grampus or a shark,
Would try his rod and reel.

At length it chanced a hungry whale
Was swimming by one day,
The baited hook the monster took
And gently moved away.

"Ho, Ho!" the Giant laughed aloud,
"I've got no common bite,
The line is long, the rod is strong,
I'll have a feast to-night.

"There's not a fish that works a fin,
In river, lake, or sea,
However strong or broad or long,
Can prove a match for me!"

Then rashly round his waist he wound
The surplus line with care.
Determined should his hands give out,
His weight would still be there.



Now as the giant and the whale
Joined issue in the tide,



The screaming birds around them flew
Describing circles wide.

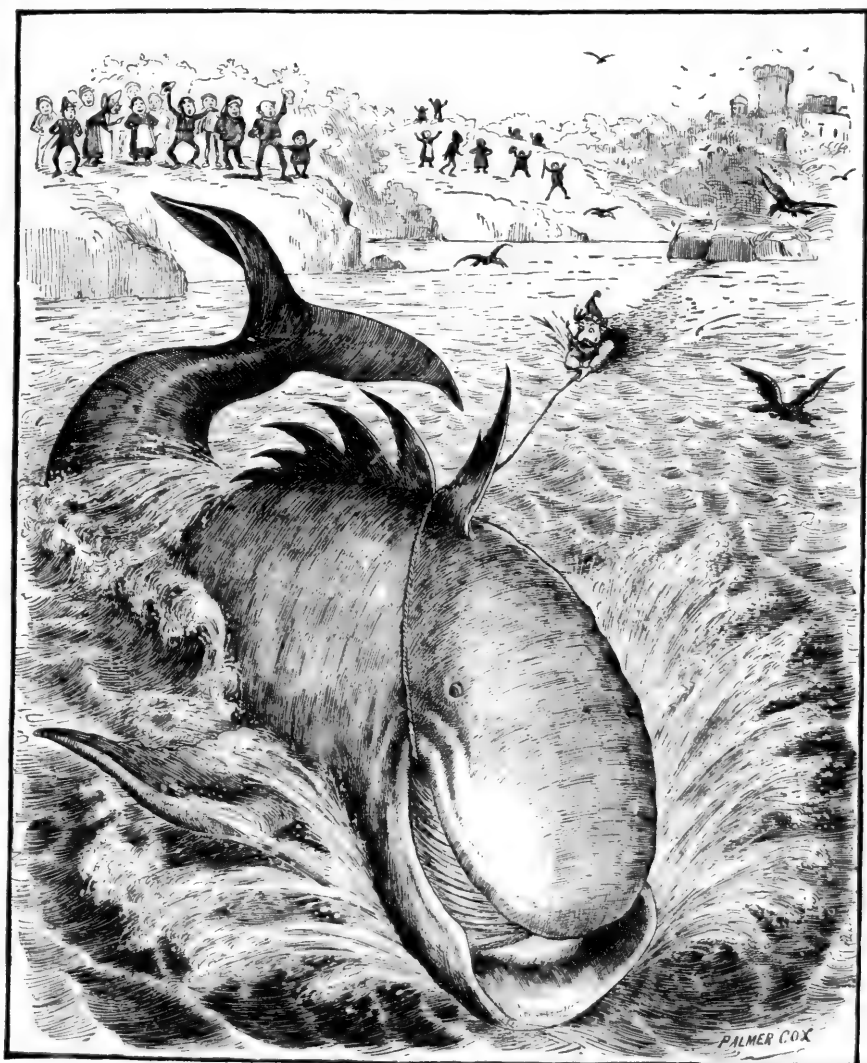
But, weight and strain and boasting vain,
Were all of no avail,

For off the rock he slid amain,
Behind the rushing whale;



And Galway's coast was miles behind,
The Isles of Arran past,

When still the giant, like the wind,
Was moving seaward fast.

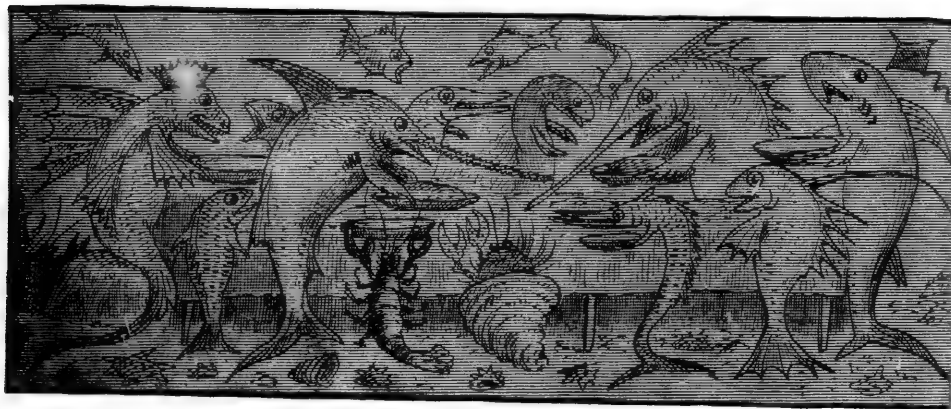


Then people hastened to the shore,
To view the pleasing sight,

And clapped their hands till palms were sore,
And shouted with delight.

"Ah, strong be line of silk or twine,
That round the rogue is tied;
And strong be tail and fin of whale,
That take him hence," they cried.

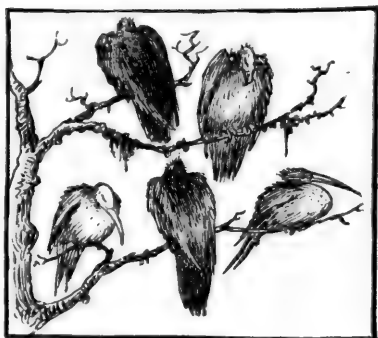
"Let fish with saw, and fish with sword,
Soon carve him up with care;
And dish him out upon their board,
In slices portioned fair;



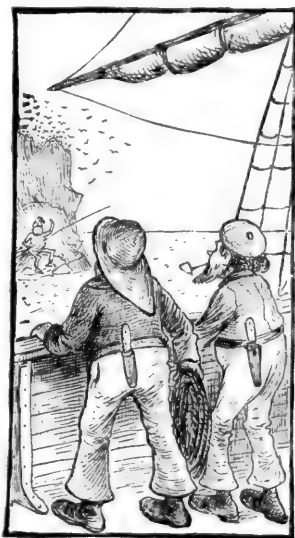
"That shark, and gar, and sculpin lean,
The hermit-crab, and pike,
The lamprey, and the lobster green,
May all be served alike.

"And there, five hundred fathoms deep,
Below the rolling tide;
The King of Herrings order keep,
And at the feast preside."

The sun went down, and home returned
To roost on crag and tree,
The weary birds, that many miles,
Escorted Grim to sea.



But he no more returned to shore,
To make the farmers fly;
Or stray along the rugged coast,
To catch his morning fry.



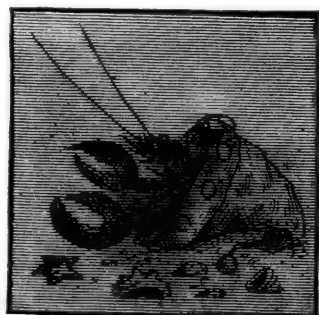
Yet, sailors steering o'er the main,
To lands of rice and tea,
Report, a thousand miles from land,
A wondrous sight they see.

Upon an island, bleak and bare,
They mark a giant form,
That flings around a baited hook,
In sunshine and in storm.

But whether truthful tales they tell,
As round the seas they go;
Or simply spin a sailor's yarn,
The world may never know.

This hint remains for young and old,
To treasure in the mind;
Let folks be e'er so strong and bold,
They may a stronger find.

Like Griffin, they may strike a fish
They cannot bring to land;
And find, too late, the line of Fate
Too well the strain may stand.

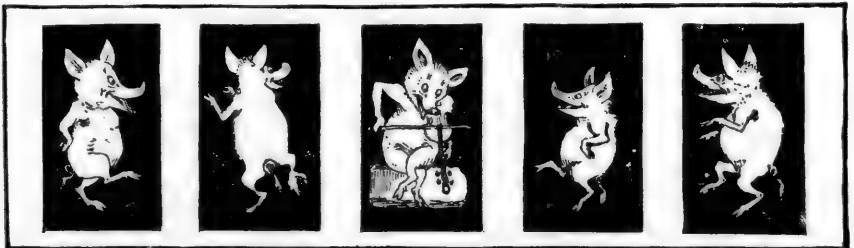




A PET IN THE HOUSE.

There once was a man, and his name was Von Crouse,
Who kept, just for pastime, a pet in the house;
At first it was small, and could scamper and play,
And seemed a great source of amusement each day.
For many a time would Von laugh until sore,
While watching it caper about on the floor.

He called the pet "Habit," and said, "when I please
I'll kick him outside with the greatest of ease."
Though people would argue, "I fear that your pet
Will prove a heart-scald, ere you're through with him yet."



But time rolled around, and the pet became strong,
Its body spread wider, its nose, it grew long;
It filled up the space every day more and more,
At last would no longer pass out of the door,
But rooted around in a boisterous style,
And tumbled the bed and the stove in a pile.



No longer a joy, or a pride, as at first,
But, classed as a demon, would rank with the worst,
Von Crouse saw his error, though at a late hour,
And then to eject him he strove with all power.
He blamed himself roundly, and as people do,
When thus brought to sorrow, he blamed others, too;
One hardly likes calling the fault all his own,
And shouldering the burden of censure alone,

He pulled by the ears, and pulled by the tail;
 He coaxed and he cudgeled, but nought would avail;
 The door was too narrow, the window too high,

His pet was content
 in the mansion to lie.



And "Habit" kept growing,
 and gave him no ease,
 But crowded him out
 of his home by degrees;
 Deserted by friends,
 and derided by foes,
 And cursing his folly,
 as one might suppose.
 And such was the terrible
 fate of Von Crouse,
 A warning to all who
 keep pets in the house.

Beware of bad "Habit,"
 though small in your eyes,

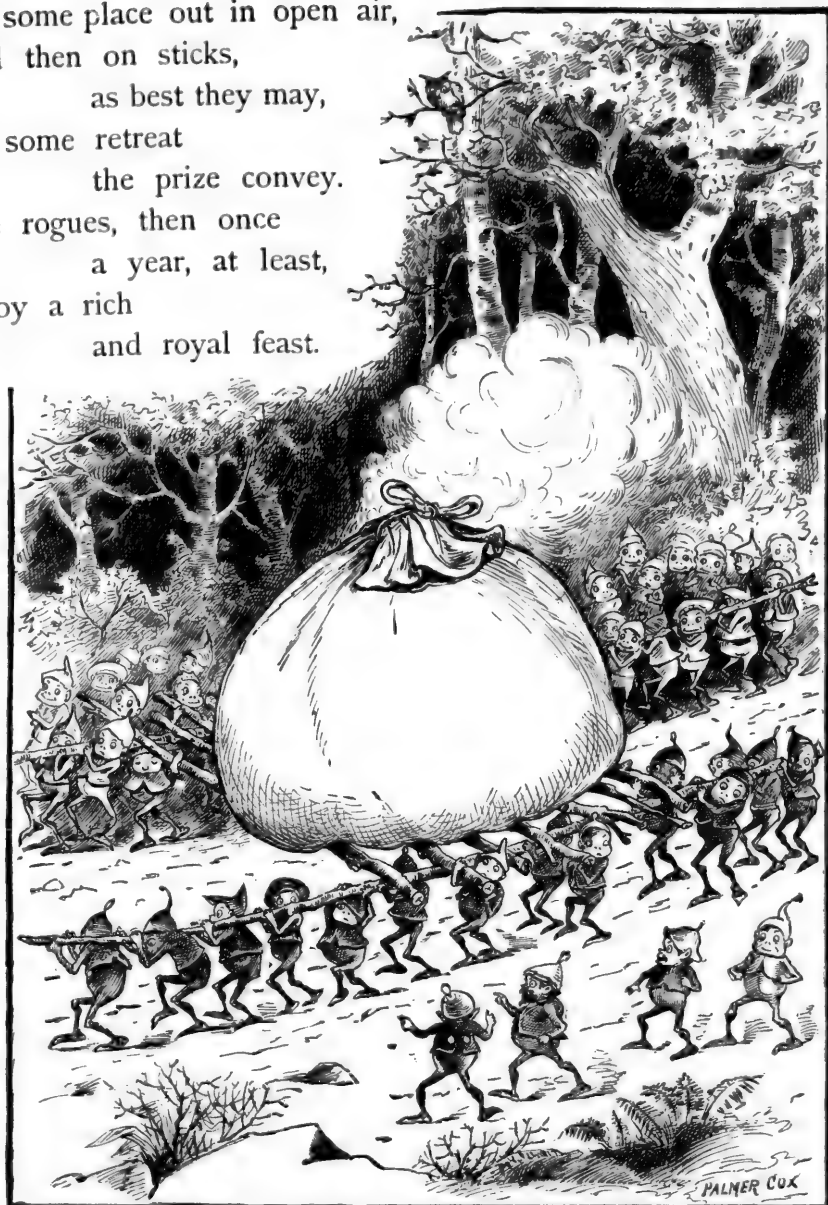
Oh, muzzle the fiend, ere the fangs are full size;
 Ere home is uprooted, the mind tempest-tossed,
 The heart petrified, and the soul, perhaps, lost.



A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

WHEN Christmas bells are ringing sweet,
 And people hasten through the street,
 To gather in a goodly store,
 That tables may be heaping o'er;
 The Fairy band, so legends tell,
 Prepare a Christmas feast as well.
 They boil their pudding, dear knows where,

But some place out in open air,
And then on sticks,
as best they may,
To some retreat
the prize convey.
The rogues, then once
a year, at least,
Enjoy a rich
and royal feast.



THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

THERE lived a queer old king,
Who used to skip and swing,
And "dance before the fiddle," and all that sort of thing.



In princely robes arrayed,
The games of youth he played,
And mingled with the low buffoons at fair or masquerade.



His royal back he'd stoop
To chase a rolling hoop,
Or romp in merry leap-frog with the wildest of the group.



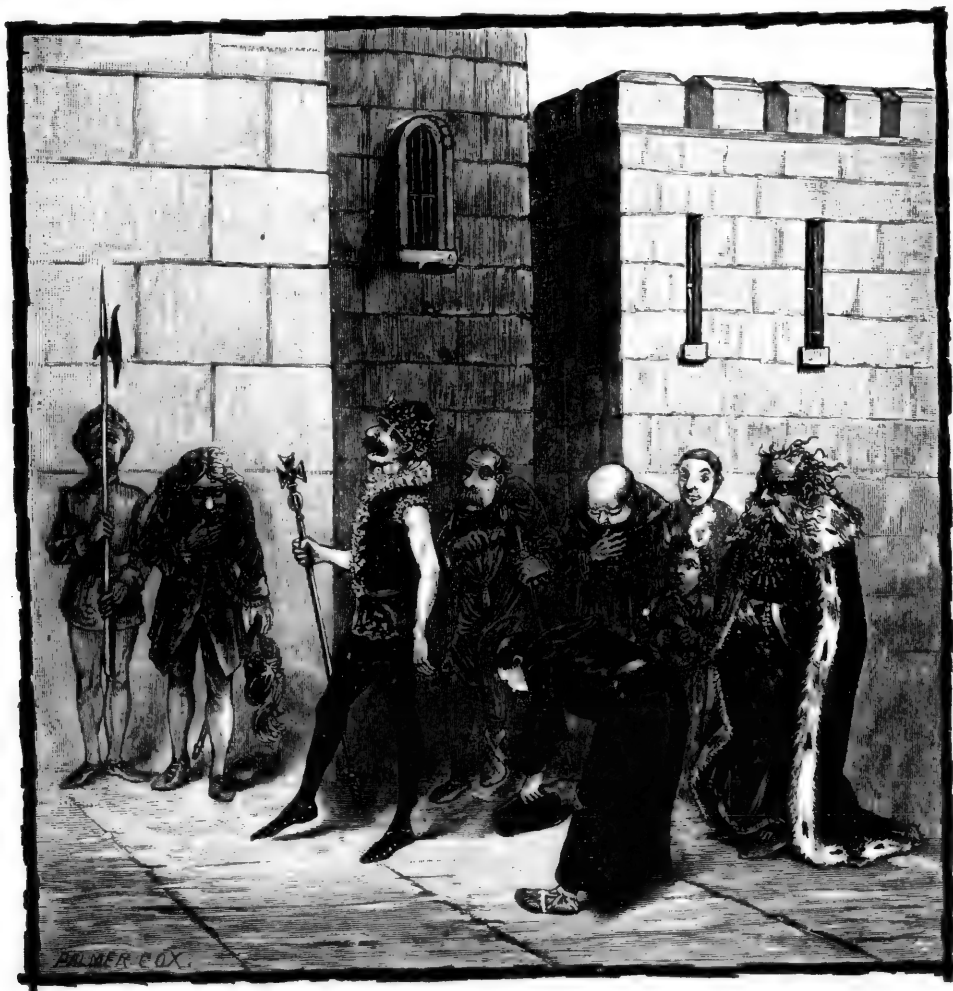
At last a cunning clown
Got hold of mace and crown,
And instantly the people hailed him monarch of
the town.



Because the crown he wore,
And royal sceptre bore,
All took him for the romping king they'd honored heretofore.

His Majesty would rave,
And bellow "Fool!" and "Slave!"
But still the people bowed and scraped around the painted knave.

Well might the sovereign yell,
And threaten prison cell,
And rope, and ax, and gibbet;—but he could not break the spell.



So passed his power away,
His subjects and his sway,
For king was clown, and clown was king, until their dying day.

THE MICE AT TEA.



BY invitation, kind and free,
Two mice went out one night to tea;
The hostess met them with a smile,
And laid their things away in style.



And soon the table-cloth was spread
With crackers, toasted cheese, and bread;
And when they gathered round the board,
The cups of tea were duly poured.
One took a sip, then shook her head,
And, setting down the cup, she said,

While looking round, as in a dream,
To find the pitcher holding cream,
"Without a drop of cream, my dear,
I'd rather have the water clear."
"Too bad," the hostess made reply,
"But yesterday the cow went dry;
So now I do the best I can,
And carry out another plan:

Until the milk re-

I use more su-

The other guest

Upon the plate,

"A single bite

When drink-
awful

"Indeed! I'm
the

Replied her
sober

"That's all the kind

I sweetened all

"Is that the way

Then you should come and visit me,"

The other cried. "It seems a sin

To put the tea and sugar in,

And stir them up while boiling hot.

Why, this is simply soup you've got."

With flushing face the hostess spoke:

"Excuse me; I don't see the joke.

turns once more

gar than before.'

then laid her bread

and sadly said,

I can not eat

ing tea so

sweet."

sorry that's

case."

friend with

face.

of tea I've got-

within the pot."

you make your tea?



You can't give any points to me,
Because, my friend, I've crossed the sea,
And learned the custom, if you please,
From them that know—the Japanese."

"The nasty Japs!" the other cried:
"I thought you had a little pride.
What brought you there, I want to know,
The most outlandish place to go

In all the world, to seek advice,
Or learn the art of cooking nice."

But while they sat,
disputing there,

The cat came creeping
down the stair.



She
listened
to their chat
awhile,

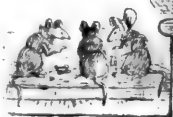
And hardly could
suppress a smile.

Said she:

"I haven't ate a bite

Since two o'clock on yester-night;
In fact, I scarcely have the strength
To jump a lounge or table's length;
And yet, I'd almost do without,
To hear this warm discussion out."

But when the shadow of the cat,
Stole, like a cloud, across the mat,
The argument on tea was dropped,
Their little eyes from sockets popped,



And soon there was a lively race,
To see who first could leave the place.
One jumped across two kitchen chairs,
And half-way down the cellar stairs;
Another skipped about, and ran
Behind a box and copper pan,

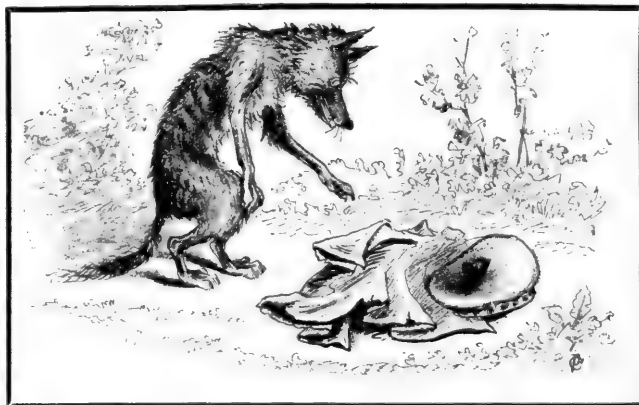


And squeezing through with all her power,
Escaped the danger of the hour.
The third one every effort strained
Until the sink was safely gained,
And lacking pluck to venture out,
Lay hid for days within the spout.
And this all came about, you see,
Through finding too much fault at tea.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.



CUNNING wolf, while roaming round,
A shepherd's cloak and bonnet found,
And soon the garment, long and warm,
Was wrapped around his shaggy form.



"Ha! ha!" laughed
he, "in this 'tis plain,
A closer look
at sheep I'll gain;

And well this branch, so nicely bent,
The shepherd's crook will represent;
They'll take me for the guardian old,
Who pens them nightly in the fold;
And at my leisure, I, no doubt,
The fattest lamb can single out."
So feigning well the shepherd's tread,
His hacking cough and stooping head



He moved with careful steps around,
Until a grazing flock he found.

The sheep, with unsuspecting mind,
Mistook him for their shepherd kind;
And soon would all have victims fell,
The rascal played his part so well,
Had not a dog's enquiring eye
Observed the stranger drawing nigh.



Between the flock and wolf he ran,
To thwart him in his cunning plan.
"On sheep," cried he, "you might impose;
They trust to eyes, but I to nose.
A shepherd's dress, indeed, you wear,
But still the scent of wolf is there."
Then at the trembling rogue he flew,
And from his paw the symbol drew.

"My ruse has failed!" the schemer cried,
 And flung the shepherd's dress aside;
 Then, turning round, was glad to beat
 To forest shade a fast retreat.



THE BEAR IN WINTER.

WHEN from the North the winds are keen,
 And ice on every stream is seen,
 When mountain peaks and valleys low
 Are covered with the drifting snow;
 And Bruin, from his winter home,
 Is not inclined abroad to roam,
 But sleeps away the gloomy hour,
 And sighs to hear the April shower,
 That, pattering through the leafless tree,
 Will send the snow to find the sea;



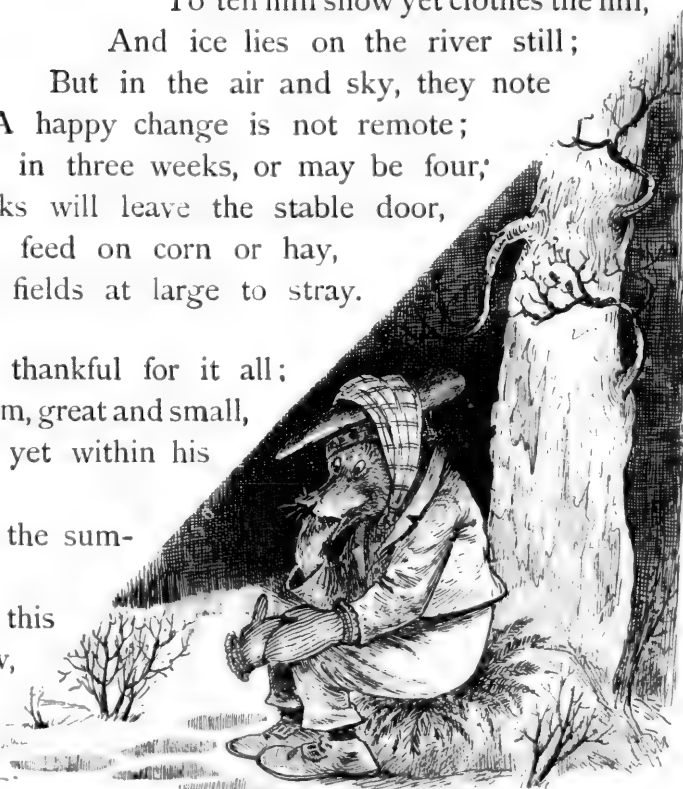
Then, friends that are not so confined,
But still possess a roving mind,
That neither wind, nor frost, nor snow,
Can hinder rambling to and fro;
That hunger stil' throughout the year,



In summer mild, or winter drear;
Whose stomachs must be well supplied,
Though snow should land and water hide;
These creatures come from near and far,
By light of moon or twinkling star,

With words of comfort to attend,
Upon their hibernating friend;
To lift his heart from fear and doubt,
And learn how fat is holding out;
To find if grease enough is there
To last him till the fields are bare;
Or, if his bones will cut the skin
Before the thawing rains begin;
To brace him up with courage strong
In case the winter should be long
To tell him snow yet clothes the hill,
And ice lies on the river still;
But in the air and sky, they note
A happy change is not remote;
That in three weeks, or may be four;
The flocks will leave the stable door,
No more to feed on corn or hay,
But through the fields at large to stray.

The bear is thankful for it all;
And reassures them, great and small,
That strength is yet within his
hide
To last him till the summer tide.
Well pleased at this
they all withdraw,
And leave him
there to
suck his paw.



THE MICE AND THE EGG.

THREE hungry mice set out one night
To see what they could find;
Because they didn't have a bite
At home of any kind.

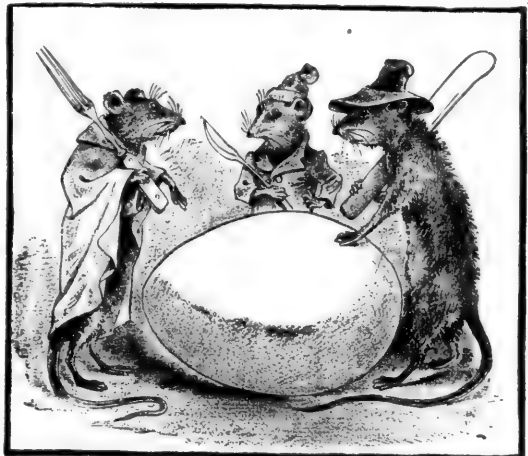


Their whole supply
had given out;
Hard times were
at their door;
They finished all their
bread and cheese
At tea,
the night before.

So left and right,
with sharpened sight,
They rummaged
all around;

To their surprise
and great delight
At last,
an egg they found.

Said Number One,
"We've found a prize;
But, though we
stand in need,
We cannot eat it where it lies—
Now how
shall we proceed?"



"We dare not roll it o'er the floor,"

Said thoughtful Number Two,

"Because the noise would wake the cat,
And that would never do."

"I have a plan," cried Number Three;

"I'll lie with feet in air;



Upon me you can roll the egg

And I will hold it there.

"Then you may take me by the tail

And pull with might and main;

And thus, unless your strength should fail,

The treasure we may gain."

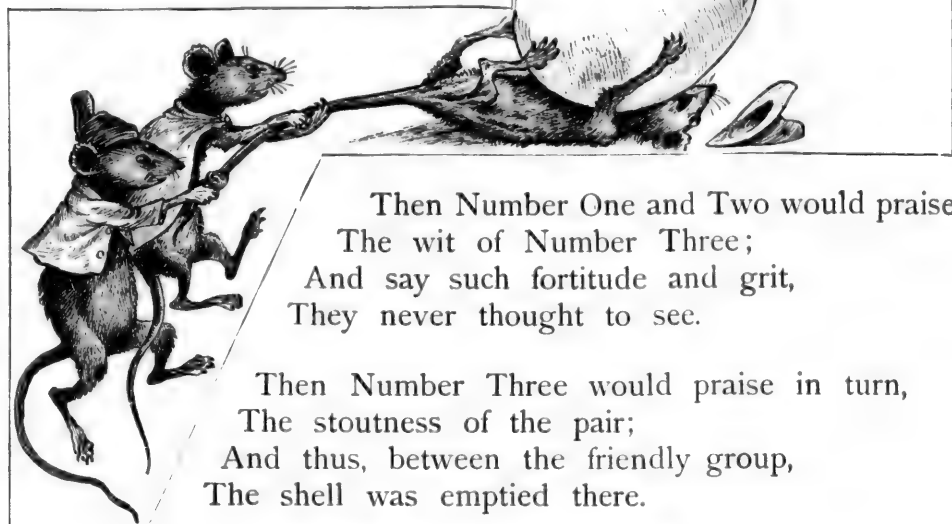
"A happy thought," said Number One;

Cried Number Two, "You're right—

A fast of four and twenty hours
Has made our comrade bright."

To try the plan they then began;
And o'er a rugged road
Soon One and Two the other drew,
To their secure abode.

And when, at last, all danger past,
The banquet was begun,
Each shook his head and sighing said,
"That job was nobly done!"



Then Number One and Two would praise
The wit of Number Three;
And say such fortitude and grit,
They never thought to see.

Then Number Three would praise in turn,
The stoutness of the pair;
And thus, between the friendly group,
The shell was emptied there.



A TALE OF THE TIMES.



ONE day, the Wolf, the Fox and Bear
Set out to find some clothes to wear;
For autumn winds were growing keen,
And ice upon the pond was seen.

The Wolf was first to reach a store,
And such a fit as out he wore!
The coat was short, the trowsers wide,
And in the wrinkles rats could hide.



His jockey cap, from visor free,
His cotton shade would shelter three;
His shoes were made in different states,
They were not style, nor even mates;
Thus, duped and sold at every point,
The Wolf seemed badly out of joint.

Poor Bruin, further down the street,
Was taken in, from head to feet,
With shining Pinchbeck Watch and all,
He seemed ashamed to make a call.



Old friends went by the other side,
And all acquaintanceship denied;
He wished himself in darkest den,
Away from sound and sight of men.

The cunning Fox knew where to go,
And called on Mister So-and-so,
And in the street or social hall,
Was much admired by one and all.

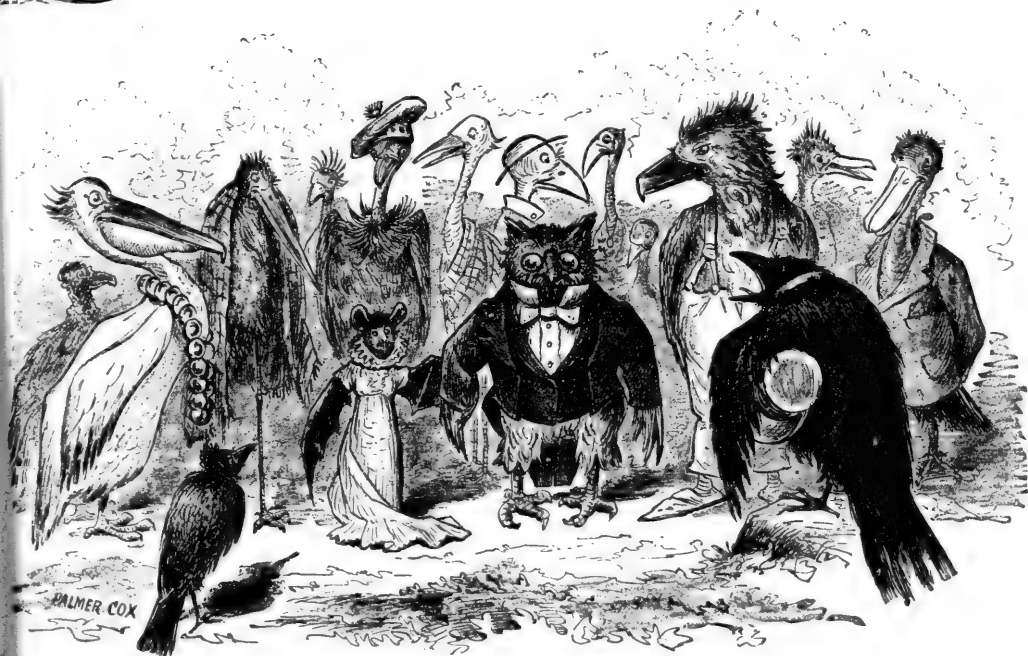


And ever after loved to stride,
Along the avenue with pride;
His eye-glass, collar, cane and tile,
Proclaiming well the dudeish style.

THE OWL AND THE BAT.



H, lively was the group of birds that met on Beaver Flat,
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat!



It was a sight, that summer night, to see them gather there;
Some came by water, some by land, and others through the air.

The eagle quit the mountain-peak, to mix with meaner fowl,
And, like a comrade, act the part of groomsman to the owl;
The friendly stork had hastened there, with long and stately stride;
It was its happy privilege to give away the bride.

And when arrangements were complete, a circle wide they made,
And in the centre stood the pair, in finest dress arrayed.
Then out in front advanced the crow, and bowed his shining head,
And with three loud approving caws declared the couple wed.

Then kind congratulations poured from friends on every side,
As thronging round the happy pair, they kissed the blushing bride.
And soon the supper was prepared, for each had brought a share.
The crow and jay had carried corn; the eagle brought a hare;

The curlew brought
a string of fish,
just taken from the lake;

The crane, a brace
of speckled frogs;
the buzzard brought a snake;
The owl and active
hawk procured
a dozen mice at least;



The snipe and rail
brought water flies,
to help along the feast.

And when each bird
upon the ground,
enjoyed a hearty meal,
They whistled tunes,
and sang their songs,
or danced a lively reel,

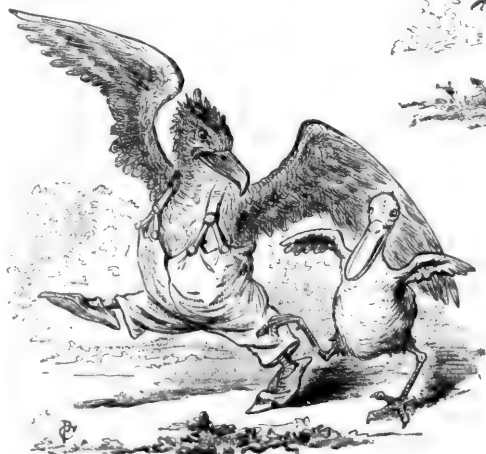
Around the green, with stately mien, the dodo and curlew
Moved like a pair of lovers there, through dances old and new.



While wing to wing and toe to toe,
with loud and joyous cries,
The stork and raven danced as though
competing for a prize.
That night good feeling was restored
between the hawk and jay,
Who had not passed a friendly
look or word for many a day!

And birds that always
went to roost
before the shades of night

Now hopped around upon the ground
until the morning light.

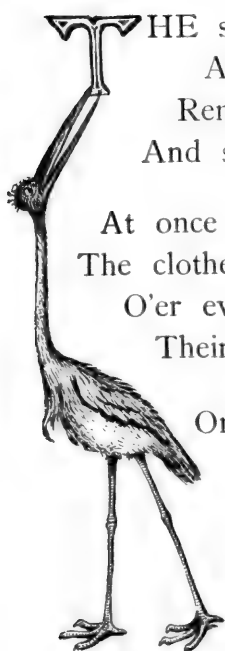


Nor felt the want
of sleep or rest,
but kept the fun alive;
And seemed as
wide awake as bees,
when some one
kicks the hive.

And people long will call to mind the scene on Beaver Flat,
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat.



THE STORK'S NEW SUIT.



THE stork put on his grand new suit,
And called his friends to see;
Remarking, "'Tis a splendid fit,
And suits my mate and me."

At once the friendly group began
The clothes to criticise;
O'er every part and seam they ran
Their sharp, discerning eyes.

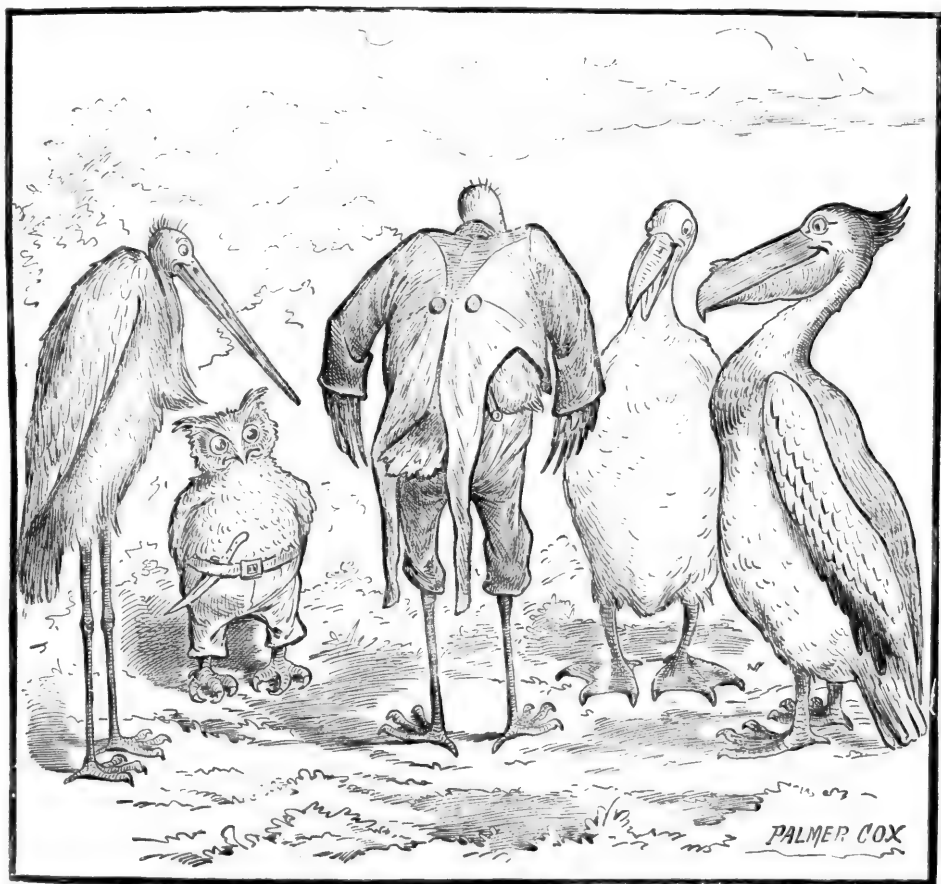


One thought the collar was too high,
And this or that was long;
Another thought it hung awry,
The style and cut were wrong.

And so he cut and clipped about,
And worked as best he could;

He gathered in, and loosened out,
As they advised he should.

And when the change was all complete,



And dressed again was he,
No bird that ever stood on feet
Was such a sight to see.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Now, mother," said a turkey bold,
"May I go out and play?
You know to-morrow may be cold,
And snow-drifts block the way.

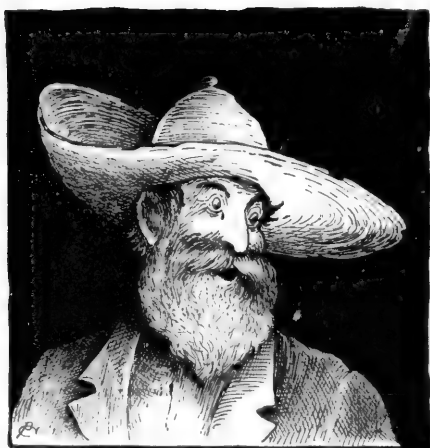
"The hens are scratching in the yard,
The geese are in the swale,
The doves are cooing on the roof,
The ducks are round the pail."



"My darling," said the mother kind,
"You're growing fat and stout,
I have misgivings in my mind,
And dare not let you out.

"I much prefer to have you here
Away from human eye;
Thanksgiving day is drawing near,
And that's the reason why."

The good advice was wasted all
Upon her wayward son;
She turned her head into a stall,
And *out the villain run.*



But while he wandered far and free,
The farmer sauntered by;
"A finer bird than this," said he,
"Has seldom met my eye."

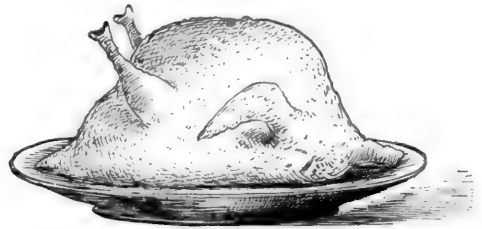
"I look to have my brother Jim
Come out with us to dine.
The best is not too good for him
This lad will answer fine."

Not twenty minutes by the clock
A rambling life he led,
Before he lay across the block,
The axe above his head.



We'll pass the execution act,
The plucking that he got,
The dressing that within was packed,
And oven roasting hot.

And see him when
all nicely browned,
Upon the plate
he lies,
To draw the praise
from all around,
For tenderness
and size.



And next, in fancy hear the click
Of knives and forks at play;
And see the plates returning quick
To where that turkey lay.

Then mark the latest scene of all,
When that rich feast was through,
And children with their fingers small,
The wish-bone break in two.



THE EAGLE'S GIFT.

Thus does the Eagle speak its mind,
While sailing high before the wind,



With presents for her babies small
That in the tree-top wait her call.

“Now while the chimes of Christmas ring
And Santa Claus makes haste to bring

His toys to scatter far and near
 To glad the hearts of children dear;
 It seems a fitting time for me
 To bear in mind my babies wee,

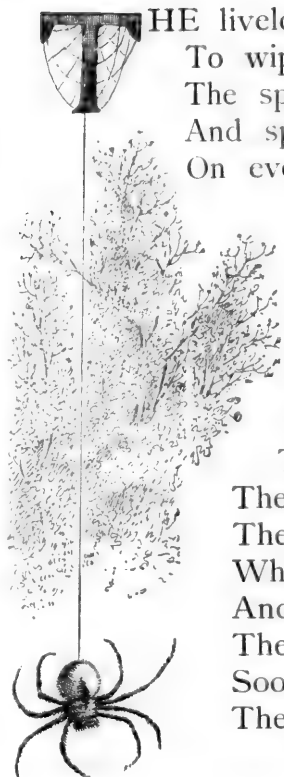


Who, perched aloft in morning air,
 Are waiting for the gift I bear.
 A mallard taken by the spring,
 No finer ever flapped a wing.
 A hare surprised in woods above
 Will prove how deep a mother's love.
 A turkey taken from her race
 Just as the farmer showed his face.
 A fish that jumped to meet the rain,
 And ne'er will try that feat again.
 A banner bright that ever tells,
 The happy land where freedom dwells.

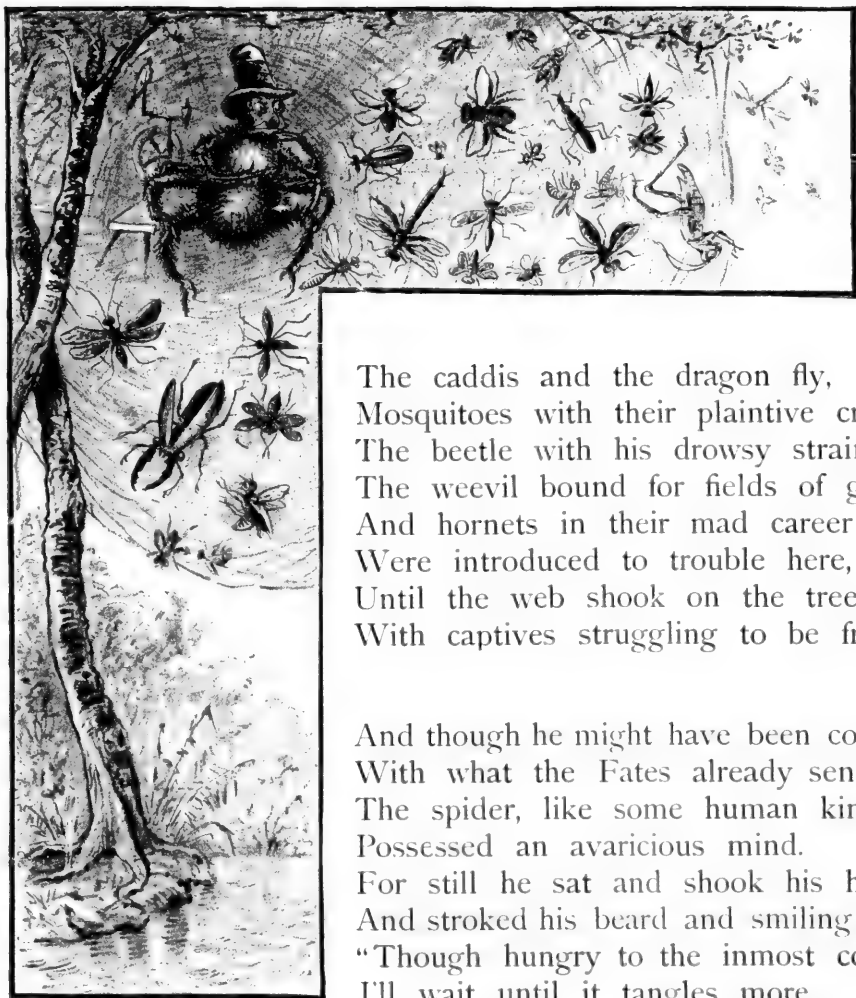


The tooting horns, so long and round,
 To send abroad their stunning sound,
 To rouse the birds and beasts as well,
 That in the vales and mountains dwell,
 And from his slumbers start the swain,
 Before the sun has kissed the plain,—
 These are the presents, great and grand,
 I bring to cheer my baby band."

THE AVARICIOUS SPIDER.



HE livelong night, without a pause
 To wipe his brow, or rest his claws,
 The spider planned his subtle scheme,
 And spun his web above the stream;
 On every side flung out his guys
 To help support the weight of flies.
 With care each fibre was applied,
 And every knot securely tied,
 Until the geometric net
 Exhausted all his spinneret.
 But when the sun looked o'er the hill,
 To laugh at those who slumbered still,
 The active flies began to swarm,
 Their daily duties to perform,
 The spider, in close ambush lay,
 Where he could view the coming prey;
 And waited with an anxious air
 The grand reward of skill and care.
 Soon, one by one, and two by two,
 The flies began to tumble through



The caddis and the dragon fly,
Mosquitoes with their plaintive cry,
The beetle with his drowsy strain,
The weevil bound for fields of grain,
And hornets in their mad career
Were introduced to trouble here,
Until the web shook on the tree
With captives struggling to be free.

And though he might have been content
With what the Fates already sent,
The spider, like some human kind,
Possessed an avaricious mind.
For still he sat and shook his head
And stroked his beard and smiling said,
"Though hungry to the inmost core
I'll wait until it tangles more,

Nor feast upon a dozen flies,
A thousand only satisfies."

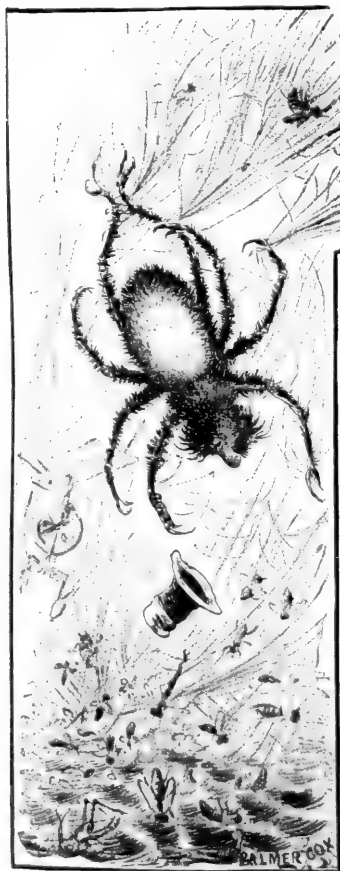
But while he pined with hunger there,
Still waiting for a glutton's share,
The fast increasing weight and strain
Began to rend the net in twain.

The main supports
 that reached about
 On either side
 were giving out;
 At last a general
 ruin spread
 Across the web,
 from foot to head,

Till with a
 sudden yield-
 ing now,
 The whole
 concern
 forsook the
 bough

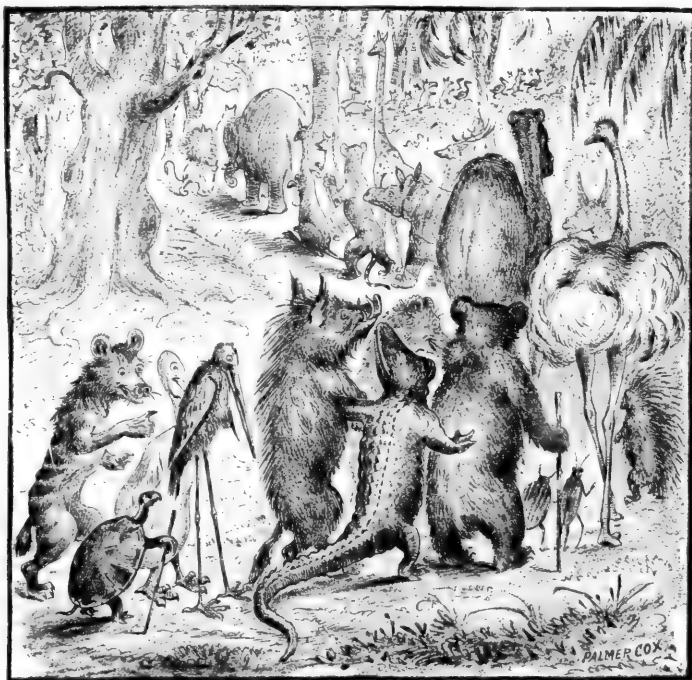
The spinner tangled in his nest
 Then fared no better than the rest.
 For down among the broken shreds,
 Still grasping at the flying threads,
 To find that all were loose as well,
 The avaricious schemer fell;
 And soon the fish put out of view
 The struggling flies and spider too.

There are spiders abroad
 besides those on the web
 With far-reaching fingers
 and keen biting neb,
 Who harass and hoard
 till they suddenly fall
 In the midst of their plans,
 and the grave swallows all.



THE NOISY MAGPIE.

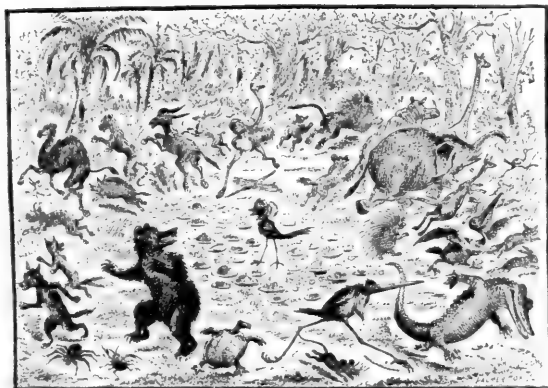
ONCE a magpie gave a party, and invited many there,
Of the beasts that roam the forests and the birds that fly in air.
Long and fine was the procession as they journeyed to the feast;
From the north and south they gathered,
from the west and from the east.



Even insects were included in the invitation grand,
And the locust, fly, and beetle, with their cousins, were on hand.

When around the tempting dishes they assembled in delight,
Every creature there was happy, every countenance was bright.
But the guests had hardly settled down to business, with a mind

To replenish empty places
 with whatever they could find,
 Ere the magpie marred the pleasure—
 she commenced her noisy chat.
 About *this* she loudly gabbled,
 and then chattered about *that*,
 Till the guests became uneasy
 (many wished her tongue was tied),
 While their discontented glances
 Were exchanged on every side.



They were loath
 to leave their places
 till the feast
 was at an end,
 But they couldn't
 sit and listen
 to the chatter
 of their friend.

"I remember an appointment
 I must keep," remarked the coon;
 "I am ailing," groaned the lion,
 and must say good-afternoon."
 Said the fox, "You must excuse me:
 what I never did before,
 Leaving home in such a hurry,
 I forgot to lock my door."

"I was thoughtless," cried the spider,
 "coming out to eat and dance:

I've a thread to spin this evening
that will reach across to France."

And at last all rose together,
(down their bones and bits they flung),
And in every way departed
to escape her noisy tongue.
Not a bird but quit the banquet,
not a beast but left the ground,
Not an insect but was crawling
to escape the awful sound.
So the magpie learned a lesson;
deeply wounded was her pride,
Standing there among the dishes,
with the guests all scattered wide.
And no later invitations
could induce a friend to come;
So that bird, it is reported,
ever afterward was dumb.



THE ALPHABET IN COUNCIL.

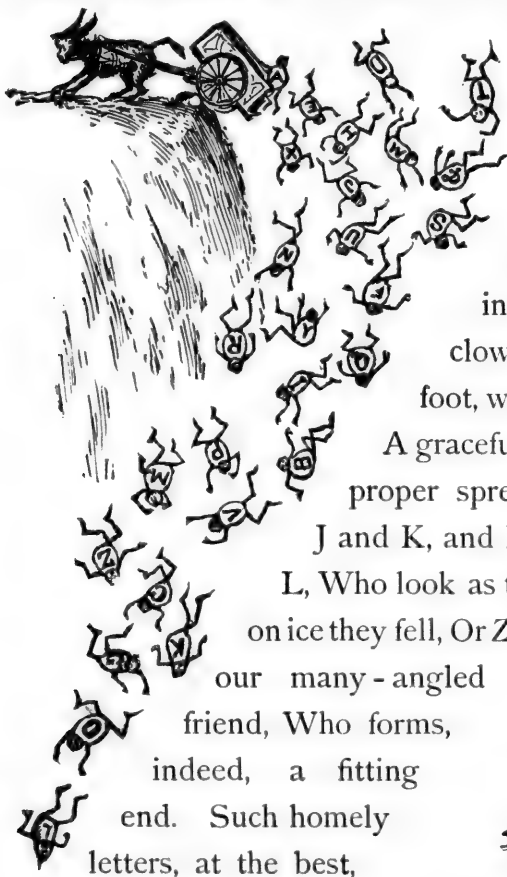


ONE day, in secret council, met
The letters of the alphabet,
To settle, with a free debate,
This matter of important weight:

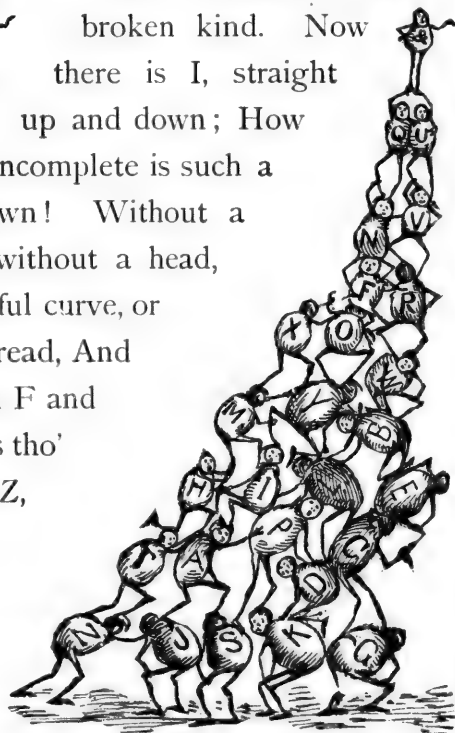


Which members of the useful band
The highest honors should command.
It was a delicate affair,
For all the twenty-six were there,
And every one presumed that he
Was just as worthy as could be;

While &, a sort of go-between, Was seated like a judge serene,
 Impartially to hear the case, And keep good order in the place.
 Said S, arising from his seat, And smiling in his own conceit,
 "Now, comrades, take a glance at me, There's grace in every curve



you see; And beauty
 which you'll never
 find In letters of the
 broken kind. Now
 there is I, straight
 up and down; How
 incomplete is such a
 clown! Without a
 foot, without a head,



A graceful curve, or
 proper spread, And
 J and K, and F and
 L, Who look as tho'
 on ice they fell, Or Z,

our many-angled
 friend, Who forms,
 indeed, a fitting
 end. Such homely
 letters, at the best,



Are heaping insult on the rest." At this there was a
 sudden spring To feet, around the coun-
 cil ring, And every letter, down to Z,



their face, Their plain
fingers shake, Or
they'd break, To
be retired." Then
requir'd, From ser-
While
installed ;
I'm called, And of-
the most ; Well-

Said such aspersions
must not be. "No
personalities," cried they,
"Should be indulged in
here, to-day;" While &, good
order to restore, Applied his
truncheon to the floor. Said A,
"One moment will suffice To show
you all where honor lies ; Suppose
there were no head, like me, To lead
the way for brother
come of neighbor
ever think of D?
to the end, And say
pend." Then O,
Said, "I, of all, am most complete ; No waste material
is there, But just enough, and none to spare ; No horns
above, no tails below, An even-balanced, perfect O."

Said E, "Though all may beauty boast, In service I appear

nigh to every word
ten more than once

some so seldom are
vice they should

into sundry groups

argue points, and
tell each other, to

opinions of the case.





While & kept
thumping till
he wore
A hole half through
the oaken
floor.



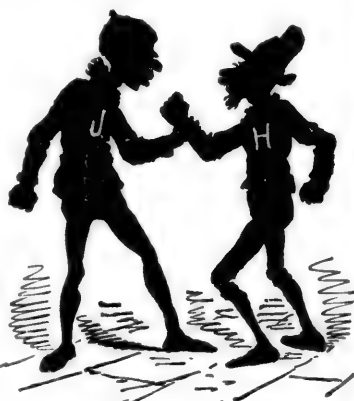
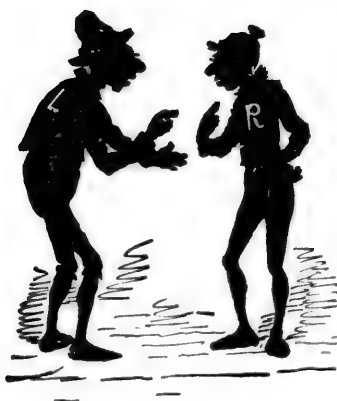
At last he cried,
"I plainly see

You'll never in the world agree,
Though you should stand to argue here,
And shake your fists throughout the year.
Now, let me tell you, plump and plain,
From first to last, you're all too vain.

'Tis true that some, in form and face,
Seem suited for a leading place;

But, whether
crooked,
straight,
or slim,
Of graceful
curve, or balance
trim,
The best of you,
from A to Z,

(On second thought you'll all agree),



Without support would worthless be,

But when united, hand in hand,

In proper shape

you form a

band

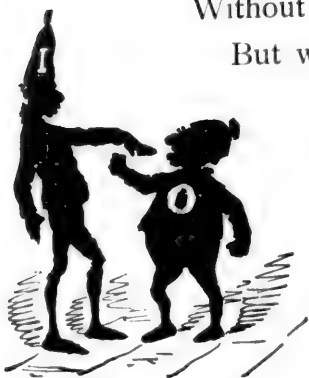
Of strength

sufficient,

be it

known,

To shake a monarch from his throne.





So be content, both great and small,
For honor rests alike on all."



"He speaks the truth," the letters cried;
"All private claims we'll lay aside,"
So, thanking & for judgment fair.
The controversy ended there.

THE FUNNY MANDARIN.



HERE was a funny mandarin
Who had a funny way,
Of sliding down
the balustrade
A dozen times a day.



With arms in air and streaming hair,
At risk of bone and brain,
Around and round the winding stair
He slid the rail again.



The "surest" aim may miss the game,
The "safest" ship go down,
And one mistake will bring to blame
The wisest men in town

And thus it ran, that daring man,
Who never thought to fail,

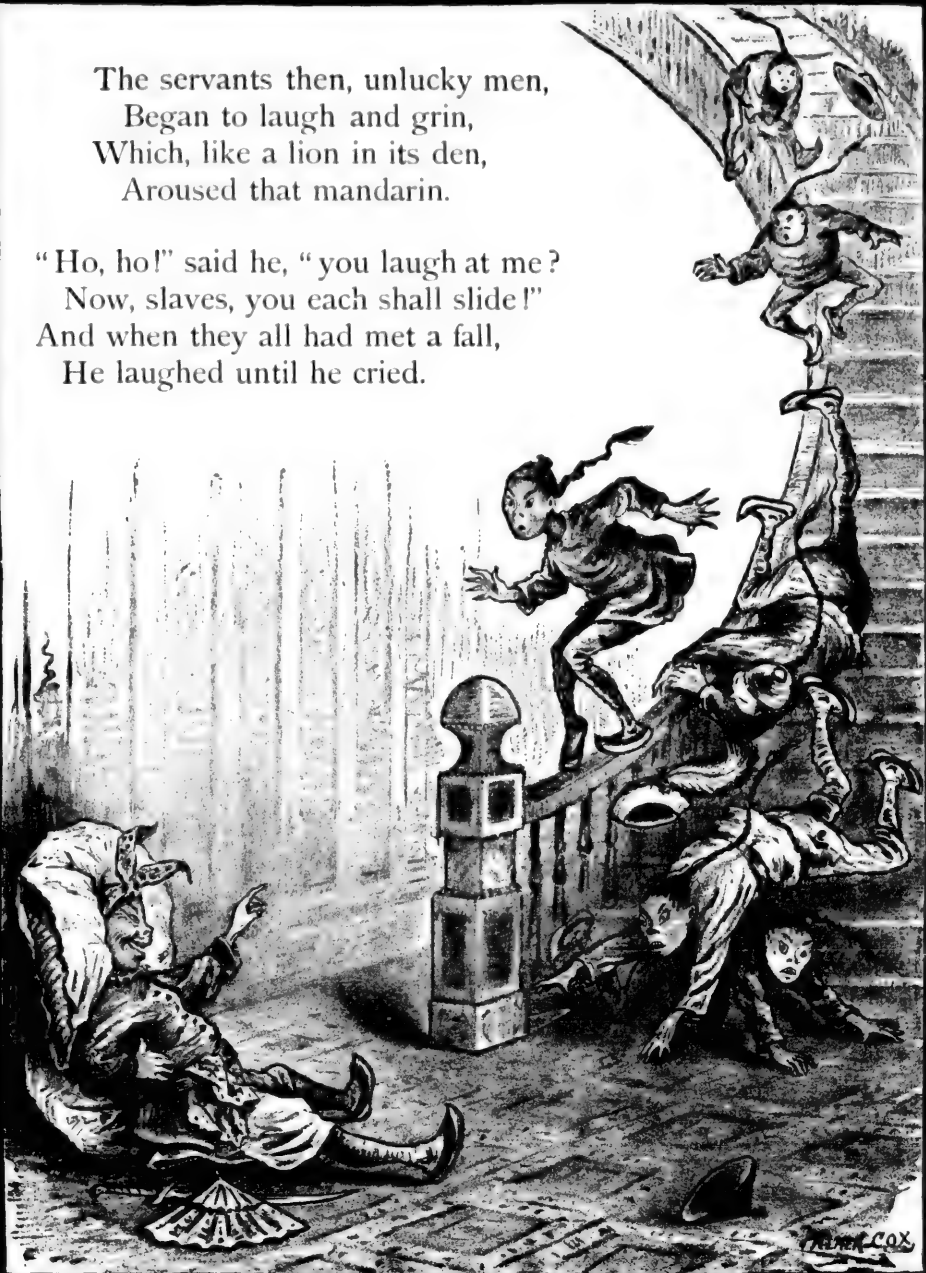


At last, in spite of every plan,
Went gliding off the rail,
And downward, clinging to his fan,
He shot with visage pale.

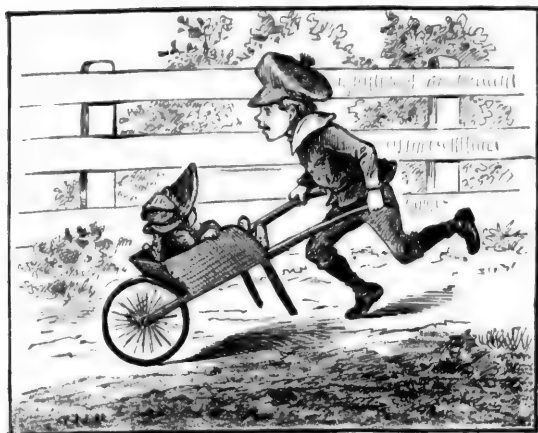


The servants then, unlucky men,
Began to laugh and grin,
Which, like a lion in its den,
Aroused that mandarin.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "you laugh at me?
Now, slaves, you each shall slide!"
And when they all had met a fall,
He laughed until he cried.



THE WHEEL-BARROW RIDE.



Down the lane
runs
Johnny,
Hopping
like
a sparrow,
Taking
sister Susan
In
his
little barrow.



Little man be careful
When wheeling round the bend,
Trouble lies in corners
You surely may depend.



Just as we expected!

Spilled out upon the road,

After all the warning,

Now lies the precious load.

Gather up the pieces,

And lead your sister in,

Early in life, alas!

Our troubles do begin.



THE FAIRIES' GIFT.



WHEN the Kidderminster Fairies
heard the rumor going round,
How the young and favor'd Forester,
who guarded game and ground,
Was to wed the Florist's daughter,
one as good as she was fair,



They resolved to make a wedding-gift befitting such a pair.
Soon the golden day of promise came, which saw the couple wed,
When the solemn vows were spoken and the Parson's blessing said.

Lo! that night the
from the East,
From the North and
to some land the



Fairies gathered
and from the West;
South they hastened
youth possess'd.

Over mountains,
through the fields

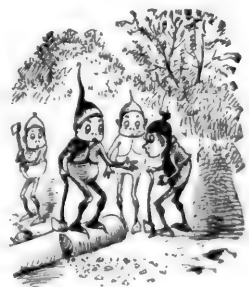
over rivers,
and forests green,

Still they mustered by the hundred, at the summons of the Queen.
Every trade was represented, all the occupations through,
From the man who planned a building to the one who pegged a shoe,
And they set to work in earnest, throwing jackets all aside.
To erect a stately mansion for the husband and his bride.

'Twas a mighty undertaking,
of such magnitude indeed,
Nothing else but Fairy workmen
could with such a task succeed.

There they bustled without resting,
as though life itself was bet,
Till their little hands were blistered
and their garments wringing wet,

How they sawed, and bored, and "boosted up" the timbers, through
the night,



How they hammered, hammered, hammered, to get done ere
morning light;
For the Fairies who from labor by the dapple dawn are chased,
While their work is yet unfinished, are forevermore disgraced.



Oh, what harmony existed !
Not an oath or harsh expres-



Not a breath was wasted there,
sion fell like poison on the air.

Here the blacksmith and his helper made the solid anvil sound
 While they forged the bolts and braces that secured the structure round.
 There the mason with his trowel kept the hod-men moving spry,
 Till the massive chimney tower'd twenty cubits to the sky,
 And the painters followed after with their ladders and their pails,



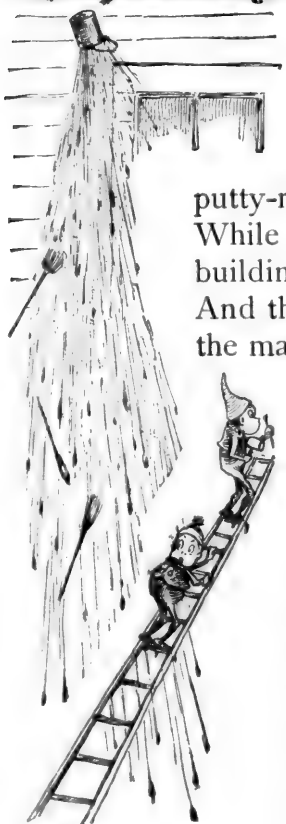
Spreading paint upon
 the finish ere the
 joiner drove his nails.
 Even cobblers with
 their pincers, and
 their awls and pegs
 of wood, Were as-
 sisting in the enter-
 prise by pegging as
 they could. There
 the glazier with his



putty-roll was working with a will,
 While the plumber plumbed the
 building, without sending in his bill;
 And the sculptor with his mallet by
 the marble lintel stood, Till he chis-
 eled the inscription:

A REWARD
 FOR BEING GOOD.

When no article was
 wanting for the com-
 fort of the pair, From
 the scraper at the en-
 trance to the rods
 upon the stair, Then
 the wizened little
 millionaires, possess-
 ed of wealth untold,



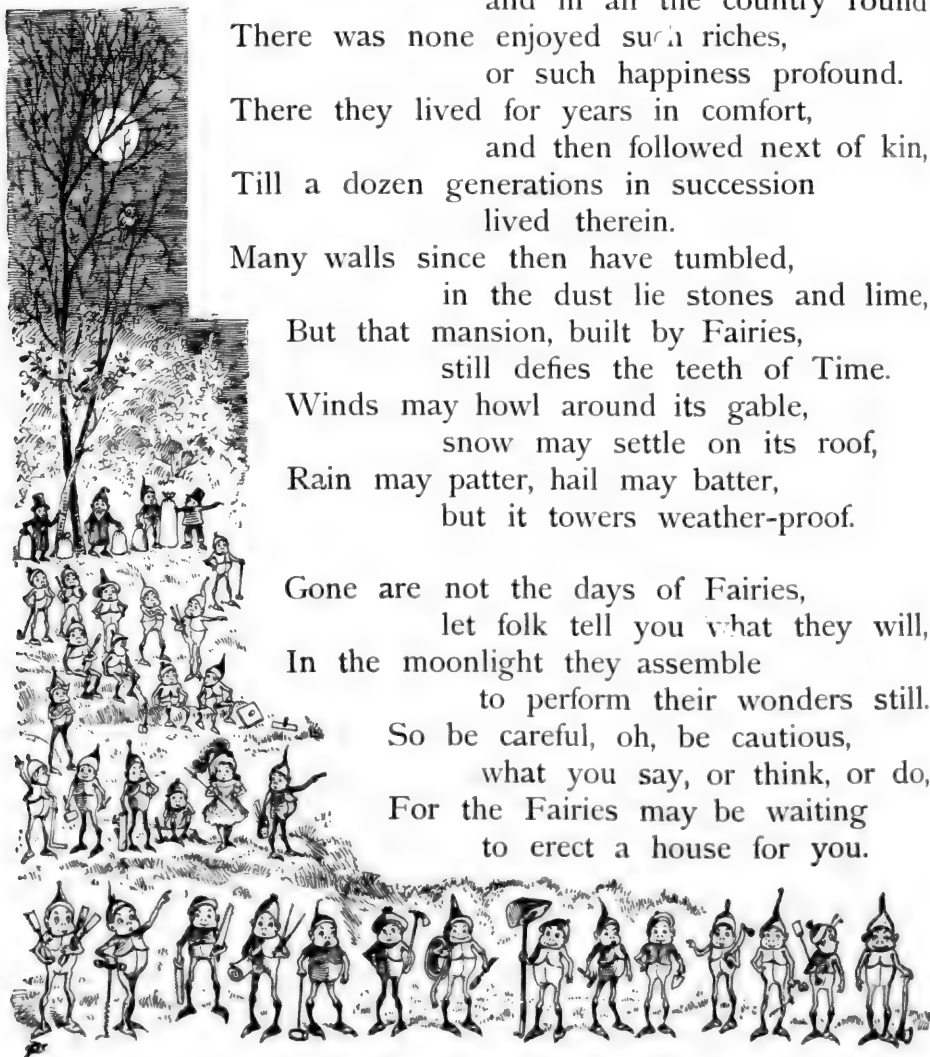
Into treasure-vaults and coffers many rich donations roll'd;
And before the East was purpled by the arrows of the sun
All the Fairies had departed, for the edifice was done.

So that couple took possession,

and in all the country round
There was none enjoyed such riches,
or such happiness profound.
There they lived for years in comfort,
and then followed next of kin,
Till a dozen generations in succession
lived therein.

Many walls since then have tumbled,
in the dust lie stones and lime,
But that mansion, built by Fairies,
still defies the teeth of Time.
Winds may howl around its gable,
snow may settle on its roof,
Rain may patter, hail may batter,
but it towers weather-proof.

Gone are not the days of Fairies,
let folk tell you what they will,
In the moonlight they assemble
to perform their wonders still.
So be careful, oh, be cautious,
what you say, or think, or do,
For the Fairies may be waiting
to erect a house for you.





THE MENDICANT.

BELL.

ING-a-ling, a-ding, ding!

MISTRESS.

"Who's at the door?"

DOMESTIC.

"A poor, blind beggar-man,
with children half a score,
He never saw a greenback,
never saw a house,
And couldn't tell an elephant
from a meadow-mouse.
He never saw the sun rise,
never saw it set,
He never saw the silver moon,
a star or planet yet.
Been blind from his birth, ma'am,
born and couldn't see,
And how he found the bell-knob
is a mystery."



MISTRESS.

"His lot is hard, indeed, Jane; to grope about the land,
All dark behind, all dark before, and dark on either hand.
To never see a human face, or on a book to pore,
Or, at the window stand and gaze into a fancy store.
But beggars can't have money now, my bank account is low,
Just give the man a bone to pick, and tell him he must go."

DOMESTIC.

"My mistress sympathizes, sir, with one so sorely tried,
And gladly would she give the sight that nature has denied ;
But pennies now are not at hand, to answer each appeal,
So here's a piece of beef, sir ; 'twill serve you for a meal."

MENDICANT.

"Oh, thankee, mum, thankee ; I'll take your marrow-bone ;
'Twill do to fight a mastiff with much better than a stone.
Through one not half so handy, mum, the Philistines of yore,
Got, as your Book will teach you, all they bargained for and more.
And thanks to cow that bore the bone, and to the pot that boiled,
And to the mistress, and to you, the doggy's game is spoiled.
I'll walk the street in safety now, the turnpike and the field,
For this at once will be my staff, my weapon, and my shield.
And should I reach a river's side and wish to leave the shore,
I'll step on board a boat or barge, and this shall be my oar ;
And when I quit these earthly scenes, far happier lands to trace,
This bone, erected at my head, shall mark my resting-place."



THE FOX AND THE TRAP.



CUNNING Fox once thus addressed
Her infant pair, with hunger pressed:
"You see my eyes are not so blear
As to mistake what's lying here.

"This object spread
so still and plain,
But shows the tricks
of human brain.
Observe it well,
it proves a trap,
All set and ready
for the snap;
And woe to either
tail or foot,
That is by chance
upon it out.



"The fox that stands that fixture o'er
Will never enter burrow more,
Or from the roost, in outhouse low,
Drag down the fattest in the row.
Beware of objects that appear
Upon the surface smooth and clear.

“For underneath, as often found,
The vilest dangers may abound.
But lay your pãw upon that bait,
That moment would decide your fate.



Not all the sprightliness of thews,
Not all the art that fears infuse
Into the mind, could then defend,
Or save you from a woeful end.
That subtle spring would change its form,
As swift as lightning rends the storm,
The jaws, that twigs and leaves conceal,
Would rise in view as ringing steel.
The shining links so deftly passed
Around this tree, would hold you fast;
Then vain would be your bark or moan.
The hunter's heart is hard as stone.
At morn he would beside you stand
With gun or cudgel in his hand.



And earth, and trap and foliage stain
With blotches of your scattered brain.
To prove what I am saying now,
But mark how soon this withered bough,

Though lightly pressed with nicest care,
Will show the evil lurking there.

The trap is sprung! the danger past,
So, with the bait we'll break our fast.

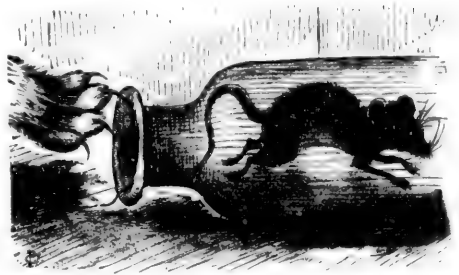


"Ah, native cunning spoils the plan
Of crafty evil-minded man,
In vain for us they mix the pill,
Arrange the trap, or musket fill.

Keep clear your eyes, and cool your head,
And shun the dangers round you spread.
A mother's blessing on you rest,
Now eat your piece of chicken-breast."

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

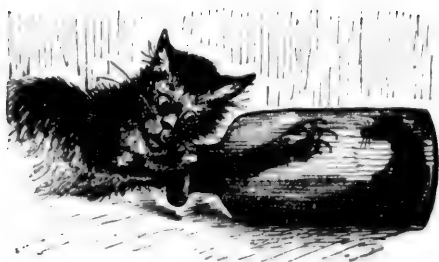
A mouse was chased,
and in its haste
Away from claws to fly,
In use an empty bottle
placed,
That happened to be nigh.



Then pussy, peeping
through the neck,
Could scarce
suppress a grin
To see how calm
it met her gaze,
As safe it sat within.

She turned the bottle
upside down
And shook it
freely there;
But nothing could
induce the mouse
To seek the open air.





Then lying down upon the floor
She reached a paw
to take her,
But still the mouse
had room enough,
And blessed the bottle-maker.

She raised the bottle
overhead
With all the strength
she knew,
And in
a thousand pieces small
The port of safety
flew.



But while the fragments
filled the air,
The mouse
with action spry,
Quick reached
another hiding-place,
And squeaked a glad
“good-bye.”



A BACK-YARD PARTY.

NE evening bright there was a sight
That should recorded be.
All gazed in wonder—well they might—
Such funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard,
And through the block extends,
And there, came lively rats and mice,
With town and country friends.

It may have been a wedding scene
They celebrated there,
A birthday party, or *soiree*,
Enjoyed in open air.



But this is plain, whatever train
Had brought the rogues that way,
From loft and lane and bins of grain,
A jovial troop were they.

The household cat, so sleek and fat,
Is by the servants fed,
And only leaves the rug or mat
To find her cream and bread.



So nought was there to harm or scare
The lively groups below
That danced and played in light and shade,
Or rambled to and fro.



No slaves were they to fashion's sway,
With all its outs and ins:

For some wore gauze or summer straws,
While others dressed in skins.



Beside the gate, upon a crate
That once held earthen ware,
An old musician, throned in state,
Gave many a pleasing air.
He scraped and paw'd and chopped and saw'd,
But never seemed to tire,

Though oft his bow would run as though
To set the strings on fire;

While at his side, in pomp and pride,
A knowing mouse was stalled,
And while the sets he sharply eyed,
The mazy dance he called:

"To partners bow the first, and now
To those on either side,
Across and back, the lady swing,
Now balance all!" he cried.

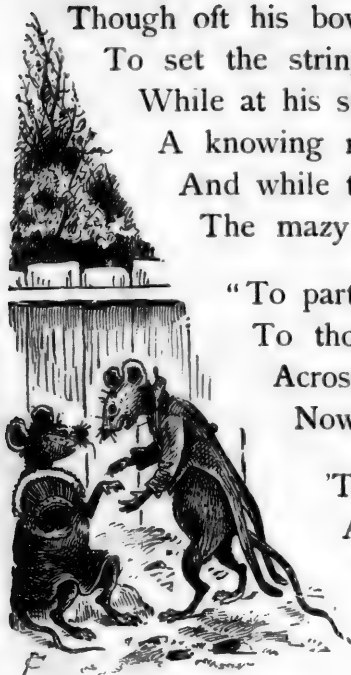
'Twas charming fun to see them run,
And curtsey, bow, and wheel,
Or slip and slide and trip and glide
Through some plantation reel.

The smallest mouse about the house,

And most destructive rat,
Danced half an hour
with grace and power—
An Irish jig at that;

Upon a pan the dance began,
And round the yard they pass'd,
But dancing still for life, until
The rat gave out at last.

The Highland fling
and pigeon-wing,
The polka and quadrille;



The waltz and schottish—
 everything—
 Was found upon the bill.

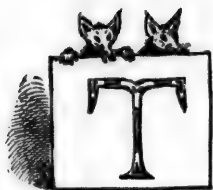
The latest dance
 that came from France,
 From Germany or Spain,
 The most delightful hop or prance,
 Their programme did contain.

And people who could gain a view
 Of either jig or reel
 Would hardly grudge
 the lively crew
 A little corn or meal.

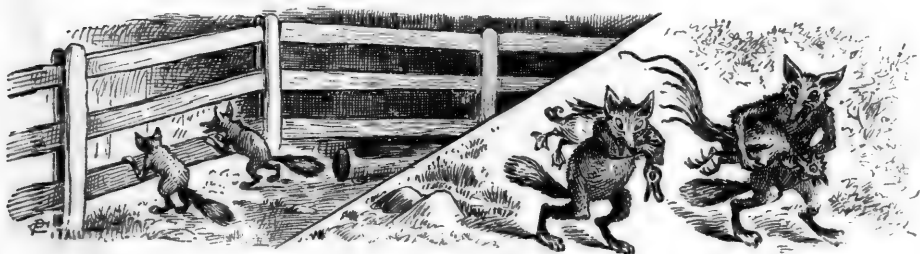


The moon was high and morning nigh, Before they quit their play, To shake their paws and say "Good- bye," And pass in pairs away.		And when again they're in the vein To pass a night in fun, May we be nigh the window pane Until the sport is done.
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DIVIDING THE GAME.



TWO foxes sly, of sharpest sight,
Set out to hunt one summer night,
Across the hills, around the swales,
And through the barnyard's gates and rails,
They traveled free, and traveled far,
Beneath the light of moon and star.



And then, as dawn of morning came,
It found the rogues dividing game.
One fox had bagged a rooster stout
That seven years, or thereabout,
Had sat above the rattling horn
Of stabled cows, and hailed the morn.

One caught a duck of Russian line,
Of heavy build and feather fine,
And both at once, with even leap,
Had nabbed a snipe while fast asleep.

No easy job it seemed to be,
Between the two, to halve the three.
One claimed the rooster, one the duck,
But still the snipe was there to pluck.

And each one thought it was but fair
To add the dodger to his share.
So there they sat, till day was ripe,
Disputing who should have the snipe,



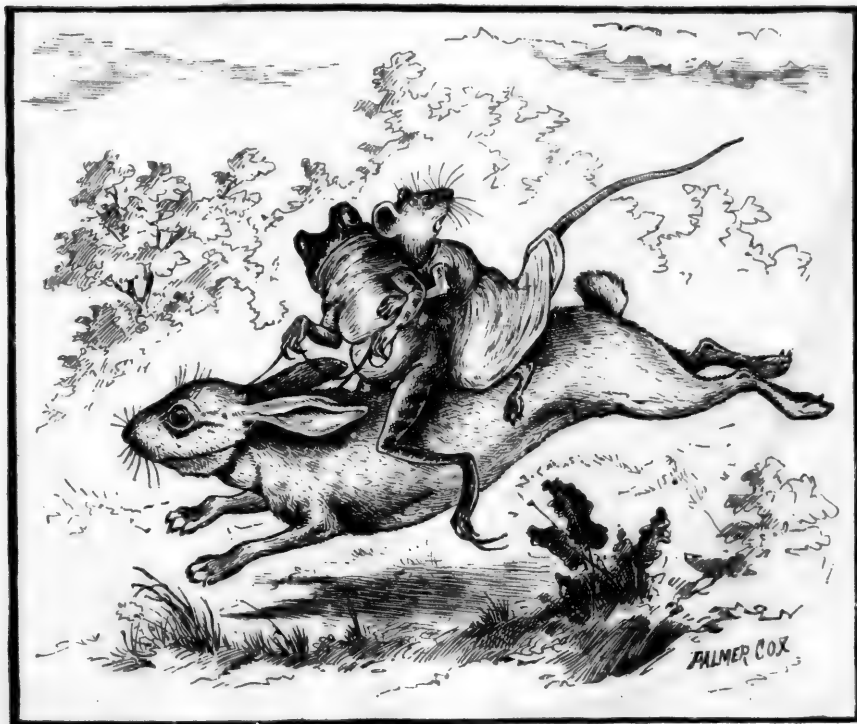
Each quoting Law to back his claim,
Like lawyers in pursuit of game.
At last, a hunter passing by
Upon the robbers set his eye,
And with his double barrel true,
Soon rid the country of the two.

THE RUNAWAY PAIR.

UPON their way, through country green,
A loving pair may now be seen,
The steed is fleet whereon they ride,
He knows the section, far and wide,
The woods that frown, the streams that flow
The mountains steep and valleys low.
He knows where fallen timbers lie
Across the creek, now foaming high.
He knows where branching cedars grow
And hide the path that winds below.
No knight of ancient chivalry
E'er rode a surer steed than he.
No spavined foot, no foundered knee,
But sound as apple on the tree.
The meadows wide they quickly cross,
The pastures bare, the banks of moss,
The rocks and woods they leave behind
For *Union* now is in their mind.
"A strange affinity," you cry;
"I think the same as you, and sigh.
But who can fathom love affairs,
Or who account for ill-matched pairs?"
Enough, a blessing we'll bestow,
And watch them as away they go.
No angry kindred need pursue,
Nor alter wills, or mischief brew.



The loss of friends or rich estate
Will not make her forsake her mate;
Nor threats of punishment or pain
Cause him to turn or draw the rein;
So those who may object or rave
May calm their minds and language save.



The wondering crowds may shut the door,
And close the blind and sash once more;
The gossip ring may leave the fire
And to the bed again retire,
For miles will shortly intervene
And hearts be joined at Gretna Green.

THE ELEPHANT AND DONKEY.



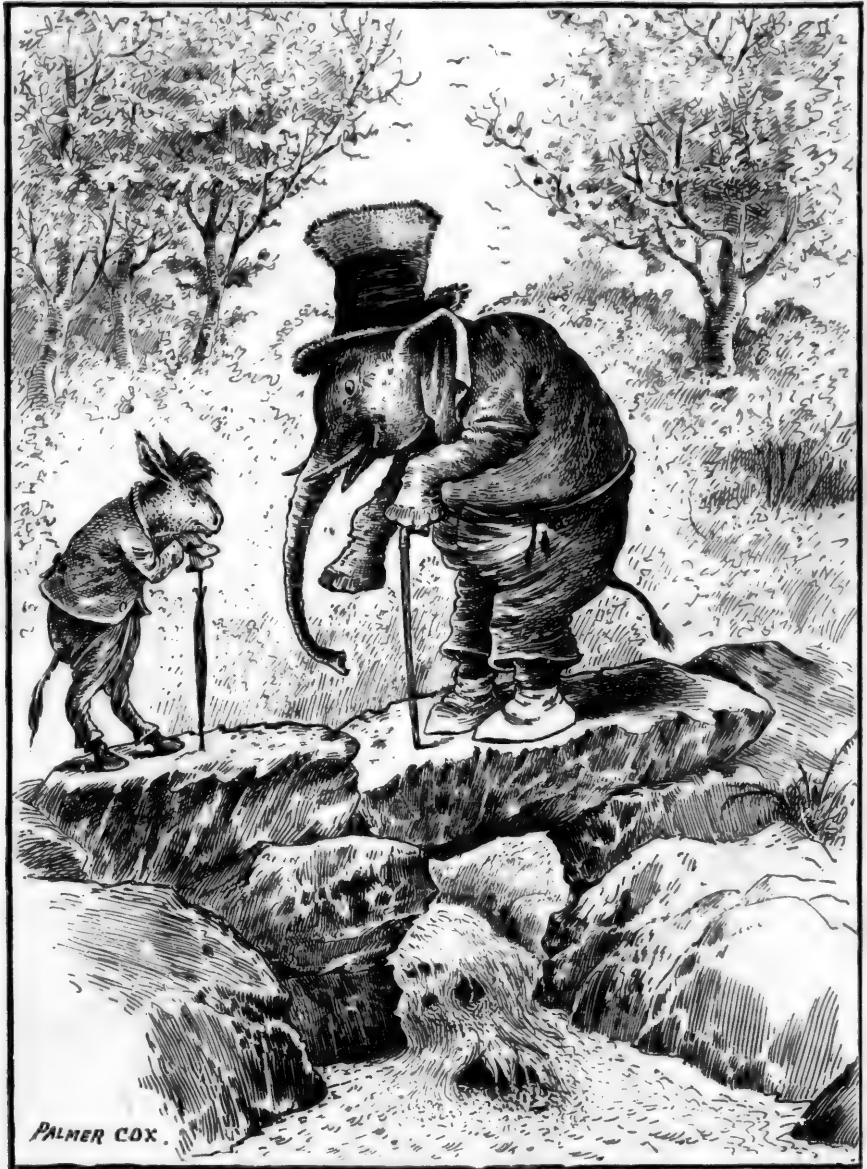
HERE every step required care
Once met by chance a rural pair,
A Donkey with assurance filled,
And Elephant of heavy build.

The latter said, with manners kind,
"Here one alone can footing find,
So let us choose the safest scheme
And singly cross the brawling stream.
You're nearest to the shore you see
And should, I think, give way to me.
When I have cross'd the dangerous place
Then you can soon resume your pace."



"Not so," the Donkey quick replied,
Who, blinded by his silly pride,
Mistook the traveler's civil air
For evidence of craven fear;
And thus went on with haughty tone,
"My time is precious as your own,
And here I'll stand throughout the day
Upon my rights, let come what may."

Now, angered at conceit so great,
The Elephant cut short debate.



He gazed a moment in surprise,
And cried, with fire in his eyes,

"Then mark how soon your foolish pride
Will bring reward:" He made a stride,
And reaching out his trunk, he gave
The Donkey such an upward wave,



High over head, through air he passed,
Until some branches held him fast;
And people passing by may see
His bones, still hanging in the tree.

A CHINESE ADVENTURE.



THREE heathen men set out one day
To cross the China sea,—
Ah Hong Wun Ho, Gui Tong Pi Lo,
And daring Hup Si Lee.

But there was not, of all the lot,
A single one who knew
The proper way, in which to sail,
Upon the ocean blue.

They may have paddled in a pond,
Or crossed a ditch or two,

But never ventured
far beyond
Where water-lilies
grew.

With such a glaring,
sad neglect
Of arts that sailors
prize,
Some trouble they
might well expect,
If hurricanes
should rise.

The first was captain
of the ship,
He kept an eye
ahead;



The second played the part of mate,
He steered and heaved the lead.

The third was boatswain, cook, and crew
Which kept him on the go;
He had to spread the sail aloft,
And make the tea below.



And all who've sailed upon a lake,
A river, sea, or sound,
Would know he'd have to keep awake
When gales were shifting round.

There was distress, you well may guess
Before the facts I show;
For ocean is not always calm,
As navigators know.



The tempests may
through forests play,
And turn the roots on high,
Or change their tack
and nothing slack,
Across the prairies fly.

And havoc dread,
at seasons spread,
As here and there they roam;
But short their stay,
with wood or clay,
The ocean is their home.

The winds began,
The ship went
At times she point-
As often back



the billows ran
up and down;
ed out to sea,
to town.

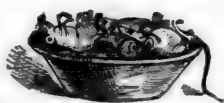


The sea-sick captain
left the bow,
Between the decks to lie;
The boatswain,
busy making tea,
Let all the canvas fly.

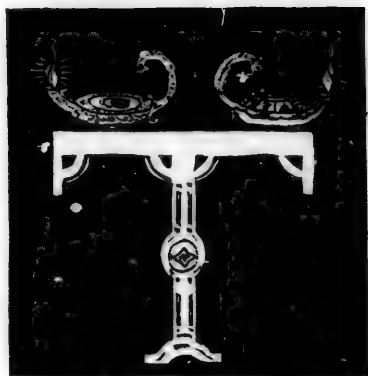
And, oh! the mate,
the silly mate,
The worst of all was he;
To find how deep
the water lay,
He leaped into the sea.

Then mate and crew,
and captain, too,
Began to yell and roar;
So people threw
them out a line,
And hauled the ship ashore.

And glad were they
To rats and
To sip their tea



to settle down,
rice again;
and talk about
The dangers of the main.



THE CALM-MINDED MEN.

TWO sober, philosophic men,
Once lived, the story goes,
Between the marble Apennines,
And where the Tiber flows.

The date at which they trod the earth,
Is down in black and white,
Upon some ancient manuscript
Now laid away from sight.

'Twas said these worthies could control
The passions, vile or vain,
Which often wreck the human soul,
If given scope or rein.

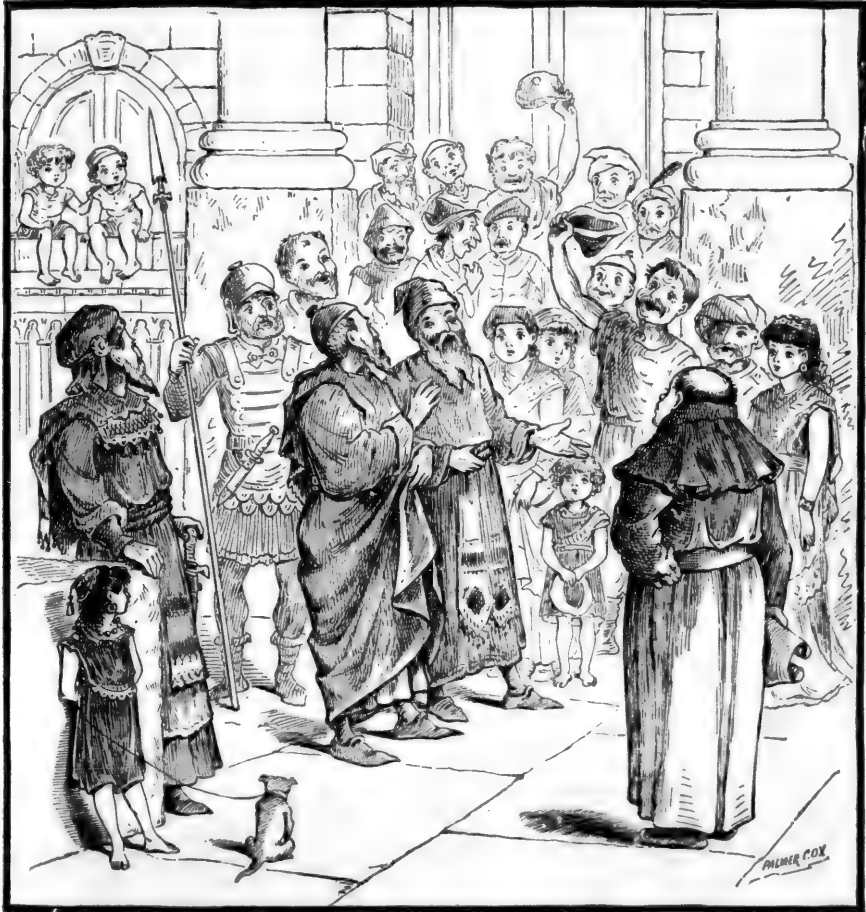
Their fame had spread to other lands
Than that they called their own,
In foreign climes and heathen tongues,
Their names were widely known.

 And when they moved along the street,
The acclamations loud,
Would rise, as though two sceptred kings,
Were passing through the crowd.



In spacious halls and public schools,
Their painted portraits hung,
At once to honor them as men,
And stimulate the young

In that dominion lived a prince,
A man of thoughtful mind;
Who studied, in a searching way,
The rest of human kind.



When men for virtues were extolled,
This student, still in doubt,
Would dive beneath the surface smooth,
To bring their failings out.

He heard of those calm-minded men,
Who smiled at every ill,
And moved through life without complaint,
Though up or down the hill.



He sent an invitation fine,
With compliments and all,
Requesting them to come and dine
At his palatial hall.

The invitation reached their hand,
And when they broke the seal,
They smiled acceptance, for in truth
They loved a savory meal.

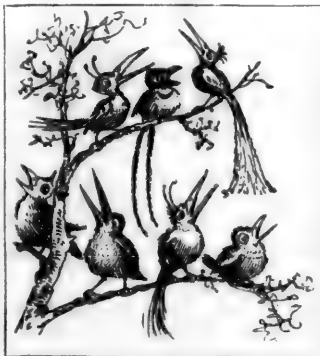
Oh, whether high or lowly born,
The scorned or pet of Fame;
The florid priest, or student pale,
The failing is the same.



In time they saddled up their steeds
And started on their way;
To make a journey to the town,
Required a summer's day.

The farmers rested
Or laid the
And stood to watch
Across the

The birds saluted
From branches
And monks looked
To bless the



on their spades,
tools aside,
them as they rode,
country wide.

them with song,
high in air,
out of convents strong
worthy pair.

They took no water on the road,
No wine, no meat or bread;
That they could better justice do,
To what the host might spread.



And as the sun went circling round,
Their belts they often drew;
To ease the hunger-pain within,
That seemed to gnaw them through.



They needed not a bitter draught
Before they drew the rein,
To help them relish any dish,
However coarse or plain.

The prince received them in a style
Befitting men of power,
And showed them to a cheerful room
To wait the banquet hour.

Above some embers, glowing red,
A caldron took the heat,
That might have served to stew a calf,
With all its parts complete.

While on the table, sat in sight
A dish of oval mold,
That could, beneath its cover white,
The caldron's burden hold.

The guests, in waiting, sat one side,
And felt their lengthy fast;
And many a keen, enquiring eye,
At pot and table cast.

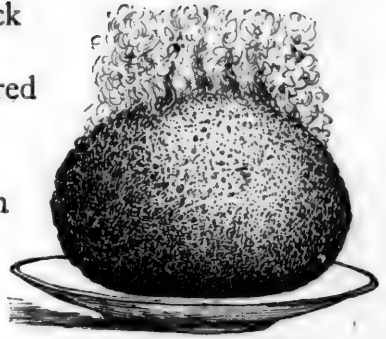
Said one, "I think our host has got
A sheep or calf in stew;"
The other said, "I think you'll see
A pudding come in view."

A pudding! At that magic word
Their eyes shone like a flame;
For pleasing thoughts will ever rise
At mention of the name.



A pudding! with, perhaps, a peck
Of plums within it rolled;
And quarts of yellow sauce prepared
To cover all like gold!

Oh, cheeks may fade, and eyes grow dim
And limbs grow weak and lame;
But still, through ages, fresh and fair,
The pudding charms the same.



Sustained by such surmises sweet,
They sat in waiting there;
Believing, still, the dish in view,
Contained the princely fare.

But, meantime, in another room,
A sumptuous feast was spread;
Of soups and meat, confections sweet,
And wines both white and red.

By every plate a flagon stood,
At every chair a slave;
To promptly pass, with nimble hand,
Whate'er the heart might crave.



And here it was the host's intent,
They should at once repair;
When it was proved they could, unmoved,
Great disappointment bear.

Ere long the prince returned and said,
"Approach the dish and view,
The tempting feast that's been prepared,
For famous men like you."

Then forward to the table ran
The men with anxious air;
For each one strove to be the first
To lay the treasure bare.

O, lightly blame their acts so rude,
And pass their failings o'er;
The knock comes heavy, hard and fast,
When hunger's at the door.

One raised the cov-
A spoon the
But great was their
It empty as

Then said the prince
Through nations
But, doubting still,
If truth indeed



er from the dish,
other delves;
surprise, to find
themselves.

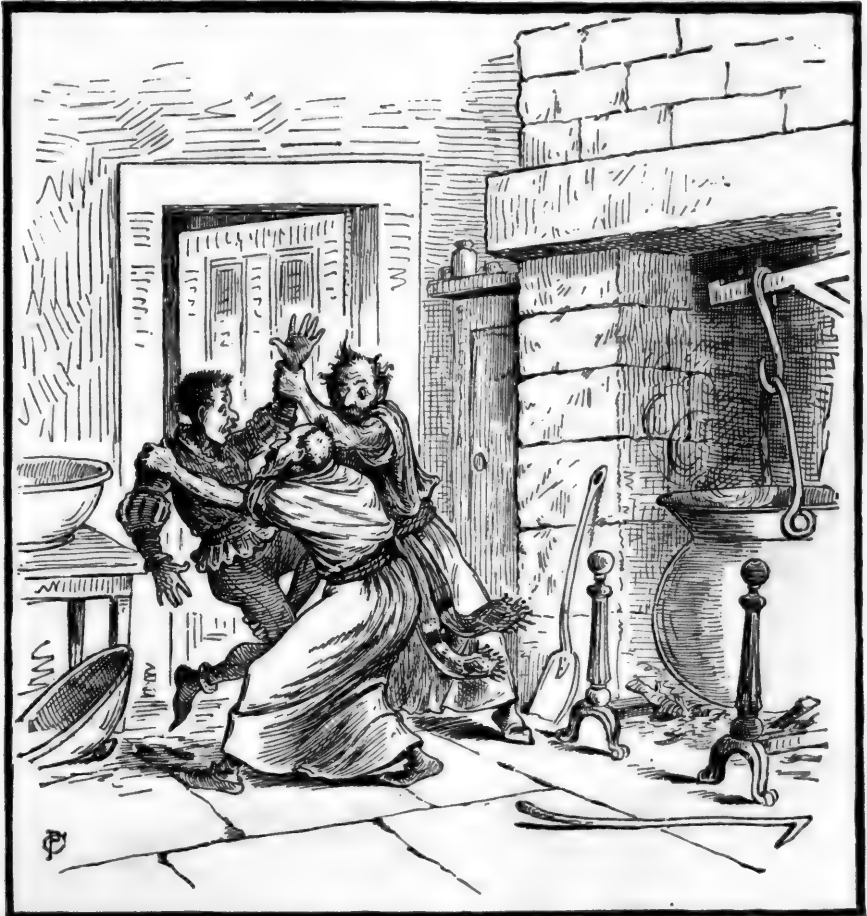
"Your fame is spread
new and old;
I sought to prove,
was told.

No disappointment, 'tis averred,
Your patient blood can rile;
And now, in keeping with reports,
I look to see you smile."

Then rose the two philosophers,
Upon the instant there;
Though not a sentence, or a sign,
Was passed between the pair.

And both commenced to roll their sleeves,
They tucked, and rolled, and drew;
Until it seemed their shoulder blades
Would come at last in view.

And seizing on the struggling host,
They dragged him to the pot;
Where, though the fire was extinct,
The water still was hot.



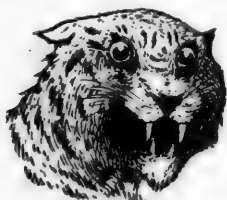
They plunged him in the steaming bath,
They soused him o'er and o'er;
Until for mercy loud he called,
And did for servants roar.

And worse the usage might have been,
 But people rushing in,
 Responding to the master's call,
 Prevented greater sin.



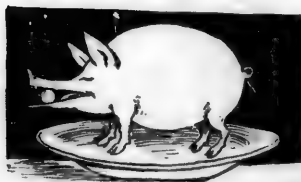
Now, when the two philosophers
 Had reached the door to go,
 They turned, and thus addressed the host,
 In accents deep and slow.

"We leave you now, but with regret;
 When you attempt again
 To prove that this or that is so,
 Beware of hungry men.



The temper that is meek and mild,
 When appetite's appeased;
 May shame the mood of tiger wild,
 When one is hunger-teased."

But, "Stay!" replied the noble prince,
 "You leave not as you came;
 A banquet has been spread within,
 And you'll enjoy the same.



There may you eat and drink enough,
 No vengeance shall be sought;
 Although it cost me usage rough,
 I've proved what long I thought.

When hunger enters in the nest,
 Then patience flutters out;
 No room for both within the breast,
 However broad or stout."



So down they sat, as well they might,
 To break their lengthy fast;
 And oft' the silver cup was drained,
 And oft' the plate was passed.

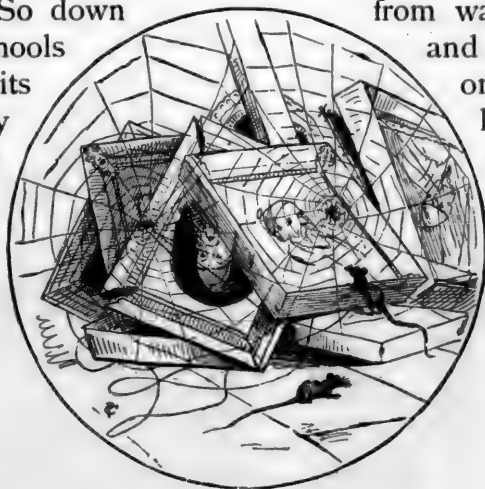


And when that couple took the road,
 It was by people told,
 They knew not whether sun or moon,
 Or stars above them rolled.

But soon the story got abroad,
 And circled far and wide;
 How they had failed to stand the test
 The cunning prince applied.

It traveled still, as rumors will,
 And told against their fame;
 They were not masters of themselves,
 Although they had the name.

So down from walls,
 in schools and halls,
 Came portraits once so prized;
 To lie in dusty lumber lofts,
 By spiders criticised.



THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.



THERE was a Sultan of the East
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;
A marvel, of the donkey-kind,
That much perplexed his owner's mind.
By turns he moved a rod ahead,
Then backed a rod or so instead;

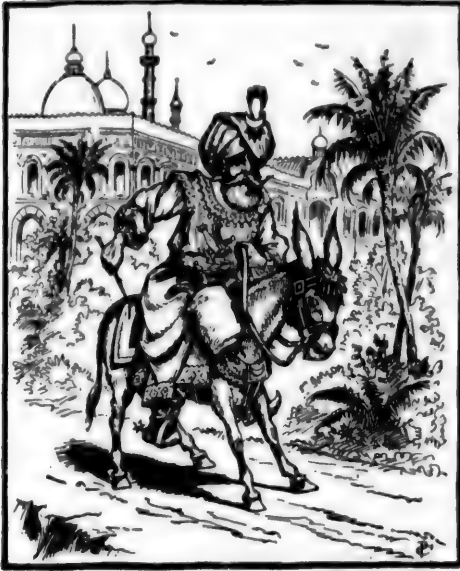
And thus the day would pass around,
The Sultan gaining little ground.

The servants on before would stray
And pitch their tents beside the way,
And pass the time as best they might,
Until their master hove in sight.

The Sultan many methods tried:
He clicked, and coaxed, and spurs applied,
And stripped a dozen trees, at least,
Of branches, to persuade the beast.
But all his efforts went for naught;
No reformation could be wrought.
At length, before the palace gate
He called the wise men of the state,
And bade them now their skill display
By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound,
The men of learning gathered round.

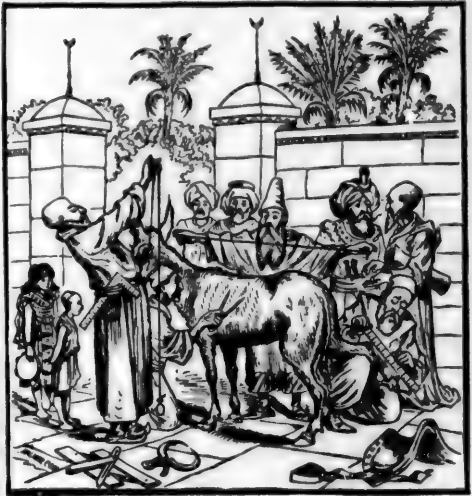




Said they: "Your Highness!
It appears
The beast is sound
from hoof to ears;
No outward blemishes we see



The beast was measured
o'er with care;
They proved him by
the plumb and square,
The compass to his ribs applied,
And every joint by rule
was tried;
But nothing could
the doctors find
To prove him different
from his kind

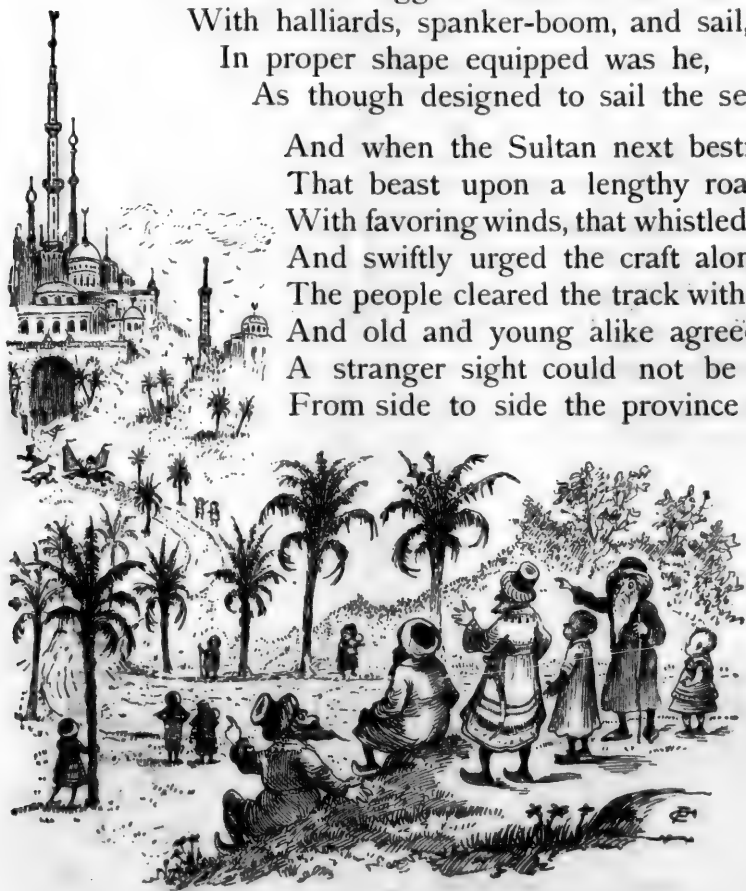


To limit action fair and free.
Each bone is in its proper place,
Each rib has its allotted space;
His wind is good,
 his sinews strong,
Throughout the frame
 there's nothing wrong.

In view of this, the fact is plain
The mischief lies within the brain.
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,
A sail upon his back you fix,
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze
And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised;
Two masts upon the beast were raised,
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,
With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,
In proper shape equipped was he,
As though designed to sail the sea!

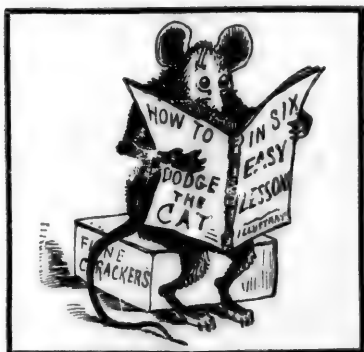
And when the Sultan next bestrode
That beast upon a lengthy road,
With favoring winds, that whistled strong
And swiftly urged the craft along,
The people cleared the track with speed;
And old and young alike agreed
A stranger sight could not be found,
From side to side the province round.



A LESSON FOR YOUNG MICE.



Y children," said the knowing mouse,
"I've lived for years within this house.
Through winter's cold and summer's heat,
I found sufficient food to eat.
I know the place where cookies lie,
And where to look for cheese and pie;
There's not a corner, as you see,



About the place that's strange to me.
Speak of the roof, I'll tell you where
A shingle's gone or rafter bare;
Speak of the basement, if you will,
I'll tell you of the rotting sill,
The cellar drain, or planking loose,
That you, in need can turn to use.
So, take the kind advice I give,

To hold in memory while you live.

Oh, always move, my children dear,
As though you knew the cat was near;
Each step with due precision weigh,
For it may give your life away.
Far better have an extra share
Of caution, than to lose a hair,
And, though the cat be in the yard,
Or close at hand, be on your guard,



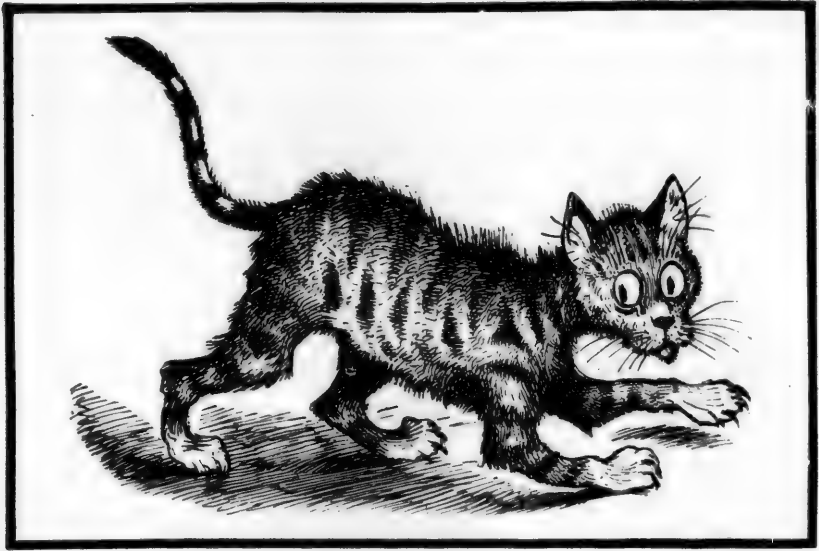


You'll find longevity depends
On watching well both foes and friends.
Ne'er venture off till you survey
The ground where you propose to play.
See that the holes are near at hand,
In case they fall in great demand.



And if the cat comes prowling nigh,
Ah, then's the time you must be spry;
Now don't be hoping pussy's blind,
Or hard of hearing, slow, or kind;
Nor think the years she has enjoyed,
Have blunted claws so oft' employed,
For puss has both the way and will
To keep them fit for service still;
Oh, never think she'll quit the chase
Until you reach your hiding-place.
For when you judge her speed must fail,
She'll turn up nearest to your tail;
She'll strive to take you by surprise,
Because the cat is counted wise,
And, as a prowling foe severe,
Has not an equal, far or near;

For, light as Fancy dips her oar,
Comes pussy's footstep on the floor.



Now, when a hiding-place you gain,
Contented there for hours remain;
Let moon and stars to ocean roll,
But stick you steadfast to the hole.
For puss with patient mind is blessed,
And will your greatest cunning test;
Through wind, and rain, and falling dew,
She'll keep her watch, a sentry true.
I would that, in your youthful brain,
You could these wholesome hints retain,
Because the time will come, no doubt,
When little cream will be about;

When poultry, meat, or even fish,
Is all too high for pussy's dish;
When chirping birds and songsters go
To regions free from ice and snow,
And then the cat will turn her mind,
With double zeal, some mice to find."



THE FOX IN OLD AGE.

"CW, father, you are growing old,"
The little foxes said;

"Your hair is turning dull and gray,
That once was bright and red.

The teeth are dropping from the jaws
That used to break the bones,
And what were once your burning paws
Now feel as cold as stones.

Your step is not so sure, we know,
As once in days of yore;
You often stumble as you go,
When nothing lies before.

You'll not be eating turkey long;
So tell us, father, please,
What you went through when young and strong,
Ere we were round your knees."

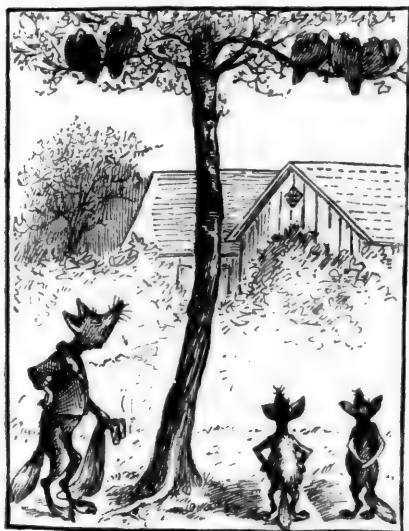
The fox to answer them was slow,
 And from his almond eye
 He wiped a tear-drop with his toe,
 Before he made reply.



"I dare not tell you, children dear,
 The struggles and the strife;
 'Twould make you shrink away and fear
 To venture forth in life.

"By various paths we all must go,
Though rough or smooth they be;
Some find the turkeys roosting low
Some find them in the tree.

"We move in danger, day and night,
Beset by cares and ills;
What often seems a harmless bite,
May hold some poison pills



"I once could stand a lengthy chase,
When active, young, and bold;
And gave the hounds full many a race
Across the country cold.

"The yawning trap the silence broke—
When least I thought of foes;
And with a vicious snap awoke
Beneath my very nose.

"I've ventur'd, when the sun was bright,
And bagged the ducks and drakes;
When unsuspecting farmers might
Have reached me with their rakes.

"But cunning now must take the place
Of boldness, dash, and speed;
When eyes grow dim
and legs grow slim,
We must with care proceed.

"But see! the moon her beauty flaunts
Above the mountain's head;
And I must find the rabbits' haunts,
And you must find your bed.



ADVICE OUT OF SEASON.

“MY darlings,” said the mother bear,
“You should have passed the hive with care,
And not have tried to bring it home,
However sweet may be the comb.”



I thought you knew, as well as me,
What dangers lurk behind the bee.
For not a thing that flies or crawls,
With greater venom on us falls;

And when you think they're in the air,
They're holding revels in your hair.
The sweeping paw is all in vain,
The leap in air, or cry of pain;



For, quicker than the smartest fling,
Will come the penetrating sting.
I know temptations try us hard,
And oft' we fail, when off our guard,
And I will now inform your mind
On matters of this special kind."

"Oh, mother, dear, in mercy pause,"
Replied the cub, through swollen jaws;
"Your kind advice, an hour ago,
Had saved us much distress and woe.
My nose would not be such a sight,
My eyes could better reach the light;
My mouth would not be traveling round
To find the ear now dull to sound.
But now your words seem out of place,
Because we understand the case;
And could sit here till morning's sun,
Explaining how the work was done.
How, fast, we lost the charm and grace,
And symmetry of form and face;
How, fast, the day was turned to night,
The laugh to groan, the fun to fright.
Oh! doubly dull, indeed, is he
Who meddles with the spiteful bee."



THE UNHAPPY LION.

A LION thus mused on his station in life;
"A monarch am I of renown,
The tiger, and others, who met me in strife,
No longer lay claim to the crown.

When roaring around in search of my prey,
I jar the tall trees to the root;
The hills seem to nod, the rocks to give way,
And the stars from their orbits to shoot.

The elephant, surly and large as a house,
Will shake to his toes at the sound;
The woodchuck, the weasel, the coney and mouse,
Make haste to their holes in the ground.

I sit on the hill and look over the vale,
And all give attention to me;
At flash of my eye or switch of my tail,
The country is mine to the sea.

But this is the
to the
And ever will
In spite of my
and my
I'm only a beast



sorrow that gnaws
core,
sadden my breast,
title, my crown
roar,
at the best."

"And one," cried
"who ever
Despised like a

a monkey,
is found,
thief by the rest,



Who hasn't a friend, all the continent round,
From the purpling east to the West."



The monarch then uttered a sorrowful groan,
And crawling away to his den,
He buried his crown, and never was known
To wear it in public again.

LISTENING TO THE ROOSTER CROW.



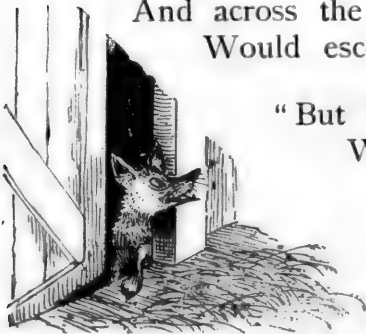
“THOUGH the night be dark or clear,
Or the ground be white with snow;
Still I love to listen here
To the Rooster's lusty crow.

“Oh, the thrush may chant her hymn,
With a voice so sweet and rare;
Or the robin from the limb,
Fill with melody the air.

“Oh, the nightingale may cheer,
And the lark its powers show;
But more pleasing to mine ear,
Is the Rooster's rousing crow.

“Ah, 'tis lucky for the rogue
That the barn is boarded tight;
And the button on the door
Is above my reach, to-night.

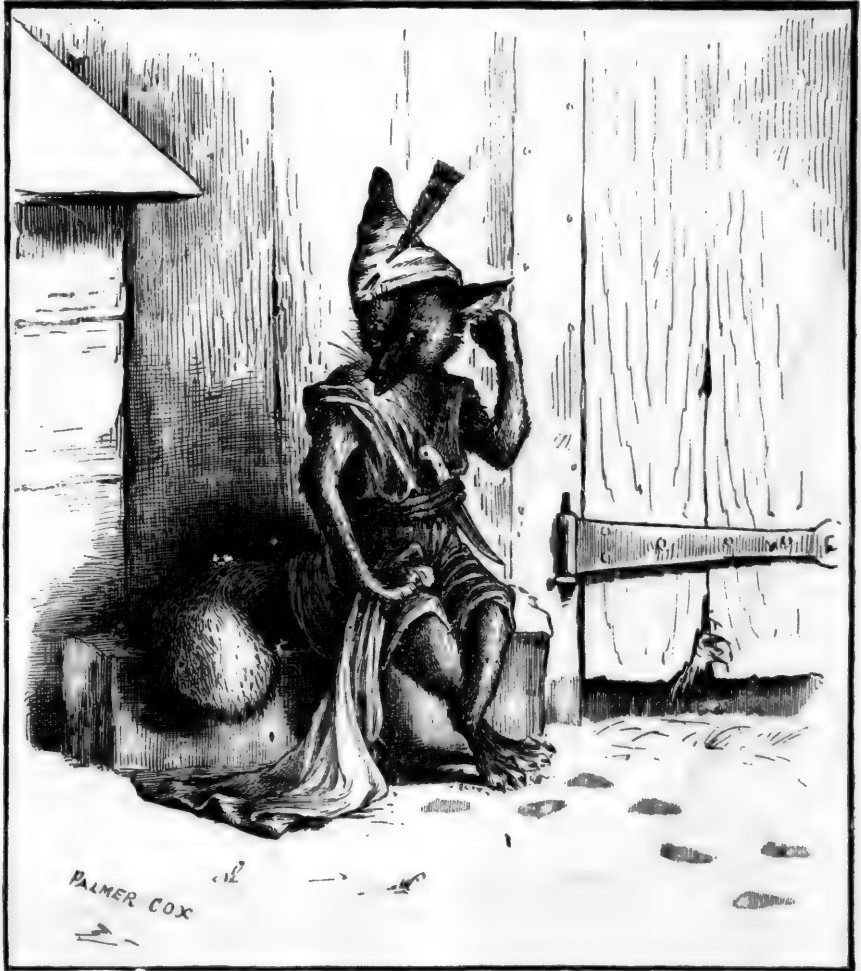
“Or, from there amongst the hens,
I would haul him with a flurry;
And across the frozen fields,
Would escort him in a hurry.



“But the time may come around,
When the farmer may forget
To securely shut the door,
And reward my patience yet.

“So let skies be dark or bright,
Let the snow conceal the crest,

Of the hill, or mountain height,
And the blizzard do its best.



While I have a heart to beat,
And a foot to come and go,
Here I'll listen in my seat
To the Rooster's lusty crow."

A NIGHT ALARM.



NOW what's the hubbub? what's the go?
There's something in the well below;
I hear it
splashing
round.

It's not a frog, a hen, or cat,
But something larger yet than that;
It weighs an
hundred
pound.

It sinks at times, but rises still,
Then splashes, like a water-mill,
And makes a
grunting
sound.

Come bring a lantern, bring a line,
For something's in this well of mine,
And something
stout and
big.

Now hold the light and let us see
The object plainly; mercy me!
It's widow
Murphy's
pig!



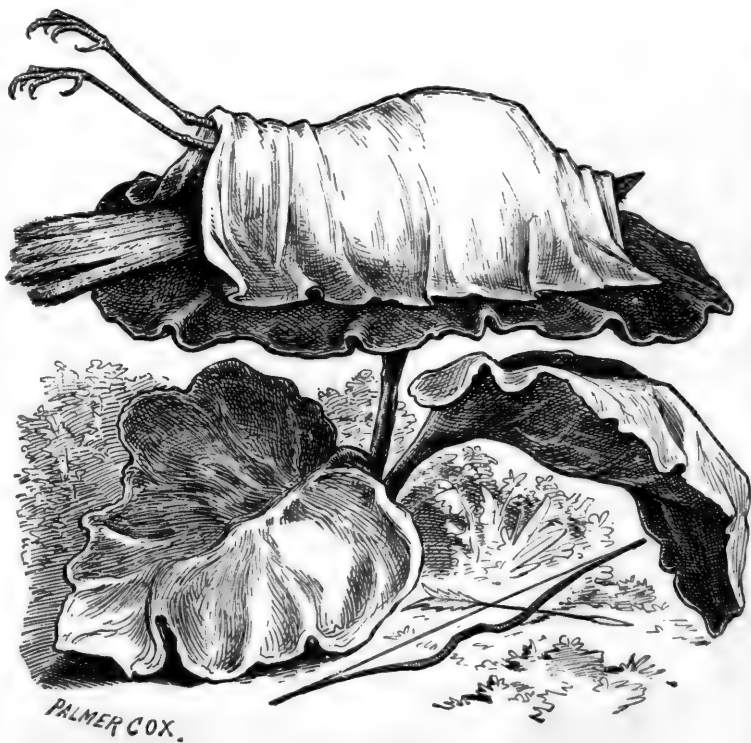


AN
OLD TALE
RETOLD.

By PALMER COX



COCK ROBIN.

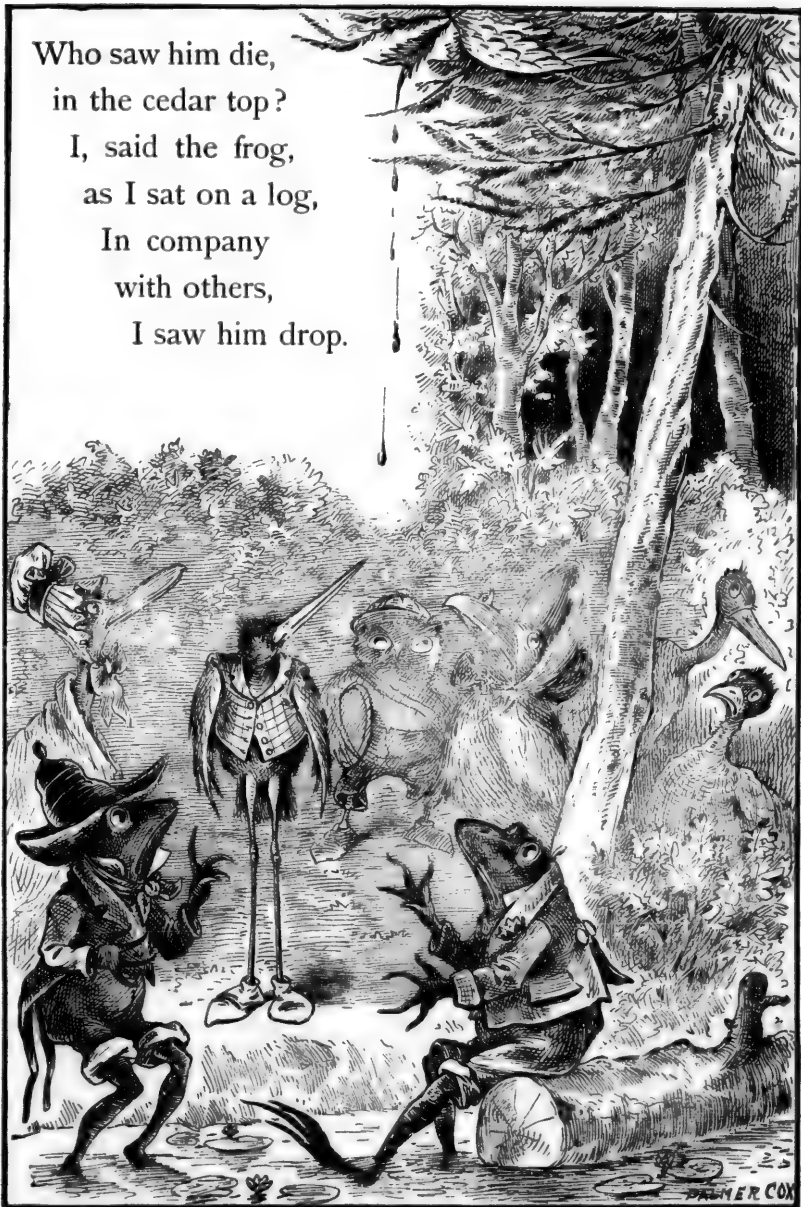


COCK ROBIN LYING IN STATE.

Who killed Cock Robin, where the lilies grow?
I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow,
I laid him low.



Who saw him die,
in the cedar top?
I, said the frog,
as I sat on a log,
In company
with others,
I saw him drop.



Who was at hand, to catch his blood?
I, said the owl,
with my big bowl,
I caught the flood.



PALMER COX

Who'll make a shroud so costly and fine?

I said the beetle,

With my thread and needle,

The task will be mine.



Who'll dig a grave in the yew-tree shade?
I, said the mole, will soon make a hole,
I'll dig the grave with my pickax and spade



PALMER COX.



Who'll toll the bell in the chapel tower?
I said the daw, with my long claw,
I'll toll the bell for half an hour.



Who'll bear a blazing torch in the case?
I, said the kite, will carry the light,
And show the way to the burial place.

PALMER COX



Who'll bear the pall, both careful and slow ?

I, said the stork,

With a measured stride,

My legs are long

and my shoulders wide,

I'll bear the pall

to the plain below.

PALMER COX

Who'll sing a psalm as the hearse goes by?
I said the thrush,
if others will hush,
I'll sing a verse will bring tears
to the eye.



Who'll be the parson with faith and trust?

I, said the rook,
will read from
my book,
"ashes to ashes
and dust to dust."



PALMER COX.

Who'll mark the songster's earthy bed?
I, said the bat, will attend to that,
I'll carve his name on the tree at his head.

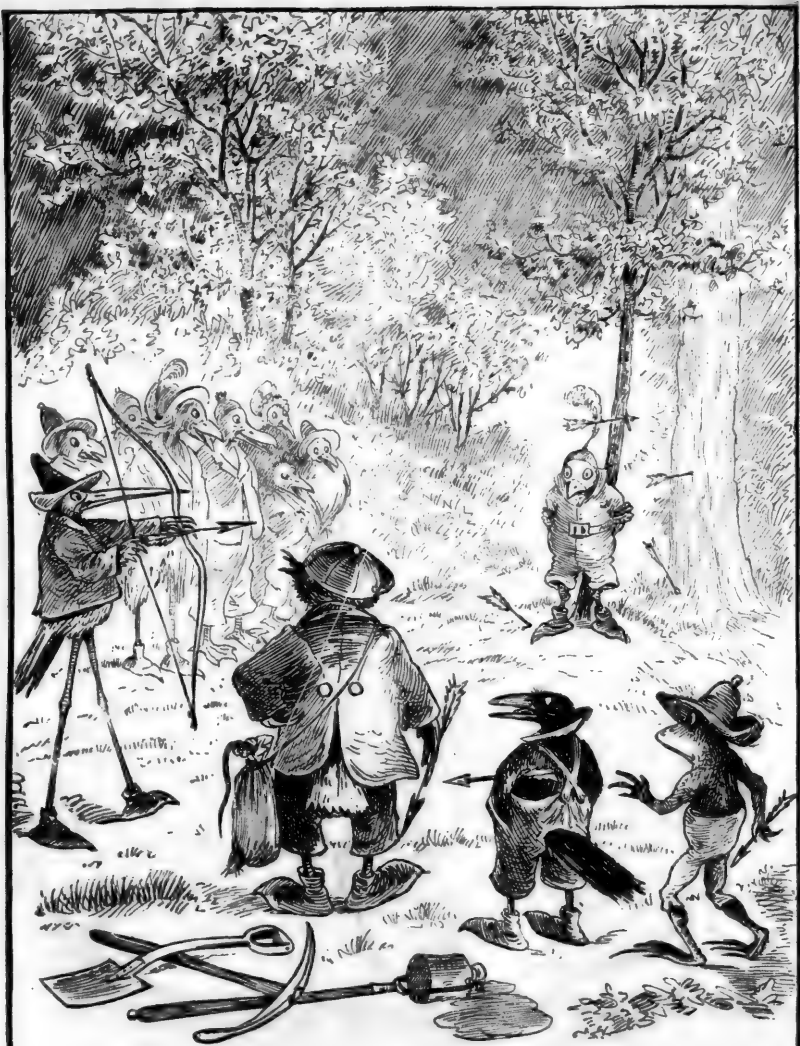


PALMER COX



Who'll keep it green when summer is here?
I, said the hare, will plant flowers there,
I'll keep it green through many-a year.


PALMER COX



Who suffered for his fault, ere a week rolled by?
Who, but the sparrow, that shot the fatal arrow,
And roused the indignation of all creatures far and nigh.



THE NORMAN KING.

FROM a foreign war returning
Rode the stalwart Norman king,
With the captives and the plunder
Such incursions used to bring.

Oft' the king surveyed the pageant
Winding through the deep defiles,
Banners streaming, weapons gleaming,
Front and rear for many miles.

"What," thought he, "though half my soldiers
Are behind, in trenches laid;
Well the treasure, slaves and glory,
Have the country's loss repaid."



But the king had long been absent,
And, at home, his subjects found,
That the country better prospered
While no monarch was around.

So the warring Norman ruler,
When he reached his home at last,

Heard no joyful demonstrations
From the people, as he passed.



"Where's my welcome?" cried the monarch,
"Where the shouts and wreaths of bay?
Where's the music? Where the arches,
That should bend above my way?"

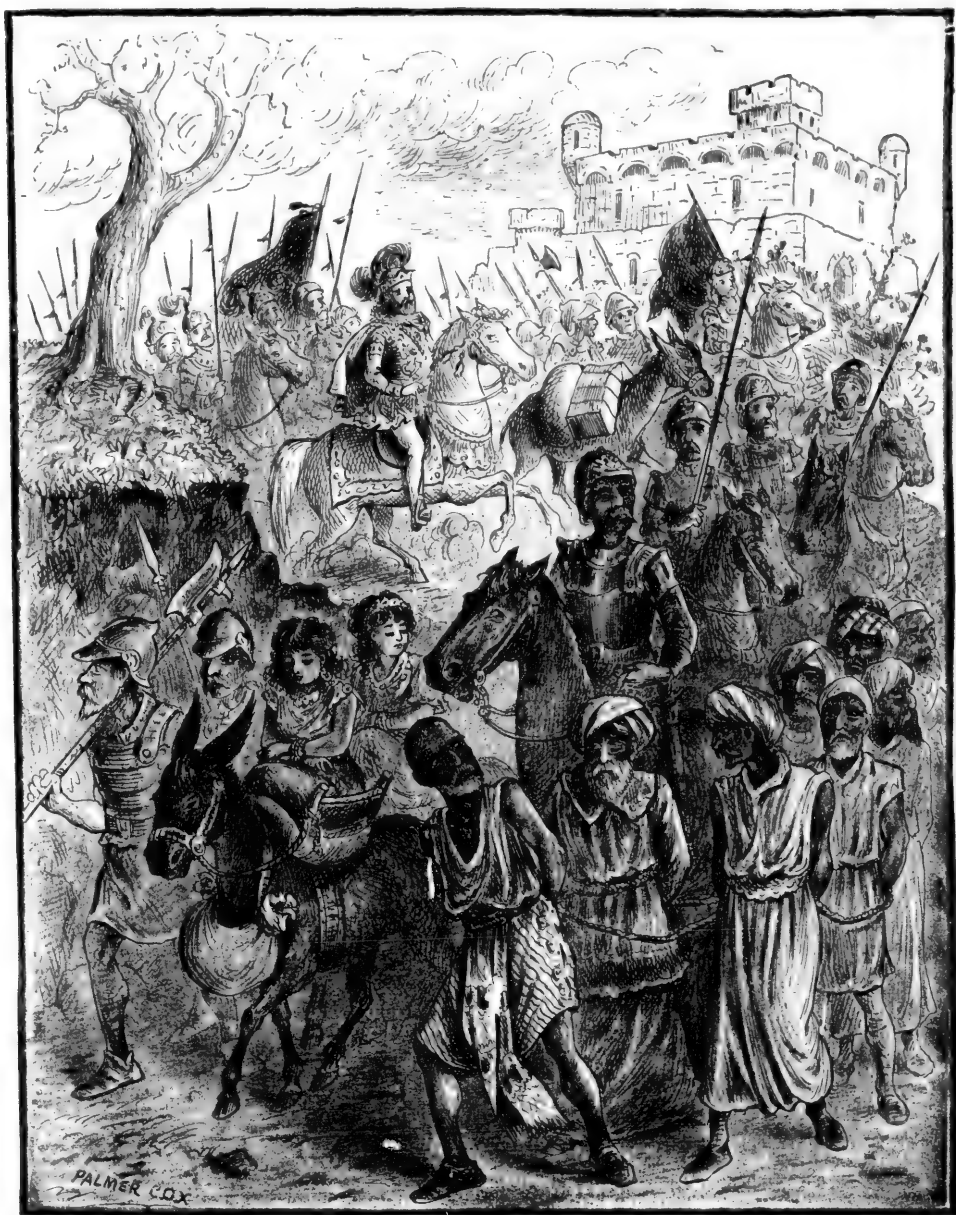
"Have I fought, and have I battered
Gates and Pagan temples down,
To return again, unnoticed,
Like a market-man to town?"



"Tell me, Bishop, in my absence,
What has changed the people's tone?
Are my subjects dead or sleeping,
That no welcome here is shown?"

"Royal master," said the Bishop,
"With you went the fighting kind,
Those destructive, non-producers,
Who in peace no pleasure find.

"Those that rather raze a castle,
Plunder towns and bridges burn,



Than with stubborn plows to wrestle,
And the lengthening furrow turn.



"These, who labored while you wandered,
Are inclined to peaceful arts;
Prizing, rather, home attractions,
Than renown in distant parts.

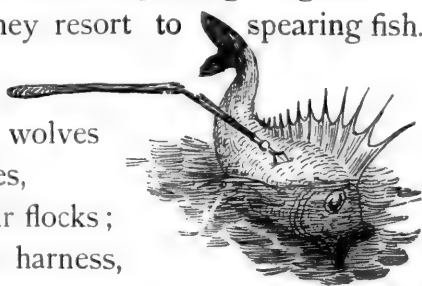


"Would it were your royal pleasure,
Now in peace to live and reign;
Taking pride in herds of cattle,
Fruited trees and fields of grain.

"If some must have spears and arrows,
Let it be your sovereign wish,
That, instead of spearing neighbors,
They resort to spearing fish.

"Let
them shoot the wolves
and vultures,

That are preying on our flocks;
And the prancing charger harness,
To assist the patient ox."



"What!" exclaimed the king in anger,
"Turn my soldiers into swains?
And, instead of sacking cities,
Guide the plow on stony plains?

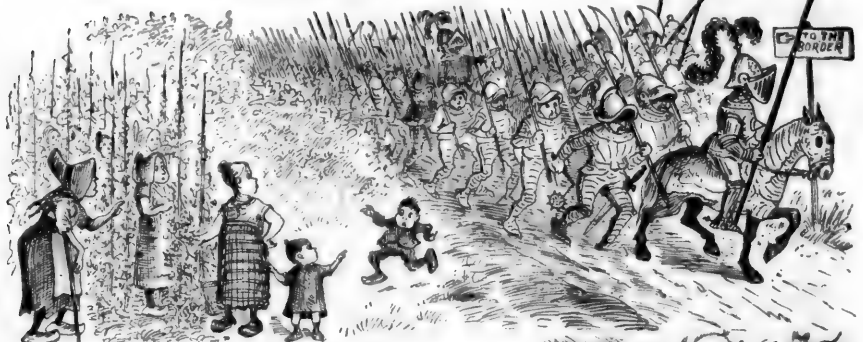
"Spend our days in peaceful labor,
Coaxing vines to climb a string?



Reaping rye or weeding onions,
Ill becomes a Norman king!"

"Too much warfare," said the Bishop,
Has retarded useful toil;
While destroying Pagan temples,
You've neglected Norman soil.

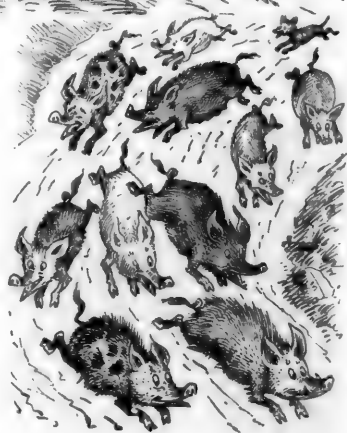
Teach your soldiers arts of tillage,
Let the flags of war be furled;
Better rule a peaceful nation
Than to ruin half the world."



"Let the females," said the monarch,
"Break the flax and trim the vine;
Men were made for breaking lances,
Not for herding sheep or swine.

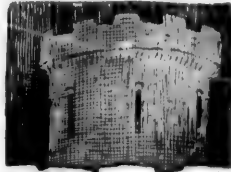
"By my sword, so keen and trusty,
By the battle-ax I wield,
By my shield and helmet rusty,
From the dews of foreign field;

"By the golden crown I wrested
From a brother's hand, in gore;



Such a rogue, with robes invested,
Never crossed my path before!

"Mercy shall not
In preserving
If, upon his knees,
With his nose



here be wasted,
such a knave;
he begged it,
upon the pave.

"Seize him, sol-
Drag him to a
Let my archers,
Use the rebel



diers, on the instant,
dungeon dark;
on the morrow,
for a mark!"



But the monarch's mind was troubled,
Though his voice was bold and loud;
Like a sword the truth had pierced him,
There among the listening crowd.

All night long he tossed and tumbled,
Sleepless, on the royal bed,
For the Bishop's words kept running
Ever through the monarch's head.

*Better rule a peaceful nation
Than to ruin, rob and kill:*

"Though his voice," he cried, "be silenced,
All his sayings haunt me still!

"Words by fellow-creature spoken,
Never moved me so before;
And, though pleasure I have gathered,
From the battle's din and roar

"Every soldier and retainer,
Shall lay sword and spear aside;

And in peace to rule the nation,
Shall in future be my pride"

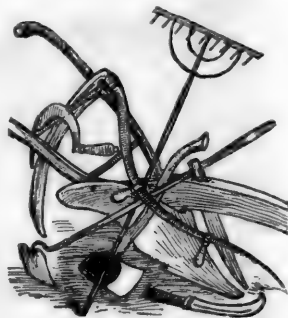
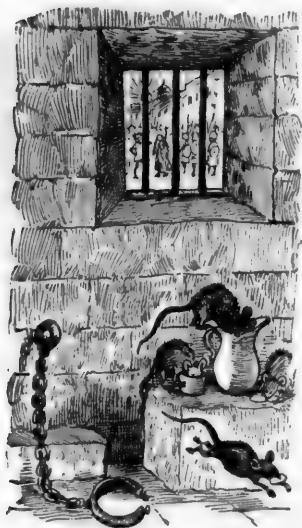
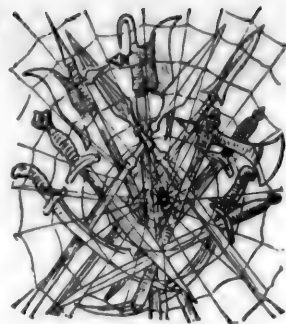
So, the morning brought the Bishop,
From the cell to light of day;
And the soldiers, all astounded,
Heard the solemn sovereign say:

"Bishop, go your way in safety,
Free from fetter, chain or lock;
Tame the savage, save the sinner,
Gather daily to your flock.

"I will let the fierce Egyptians,
Slumber in their tents secure;
Never more molest the Persian,
Or surprise the swarthy Moor.

"All the liberal arts shall flourish,
Every wicked custom die;
None shall labor, unrewarded,
Or in cruel bondage lie."

"Turn your thoughts to ploughing acres,
Ye who have been ploughing breasts;
Train your hands to chopping forests,
Ye who traveled, cleaving crests.



"Names of fighters, thieves, or wreckers,
Shall no more with glory sound;
But the prizes shall be showered,
Where the greatest thrift is found.

"He shall henceforth be most honored,
Who the largest field has mowed;
And whose fruit trees, vines and bushes,
Bend beneath the greatest load."

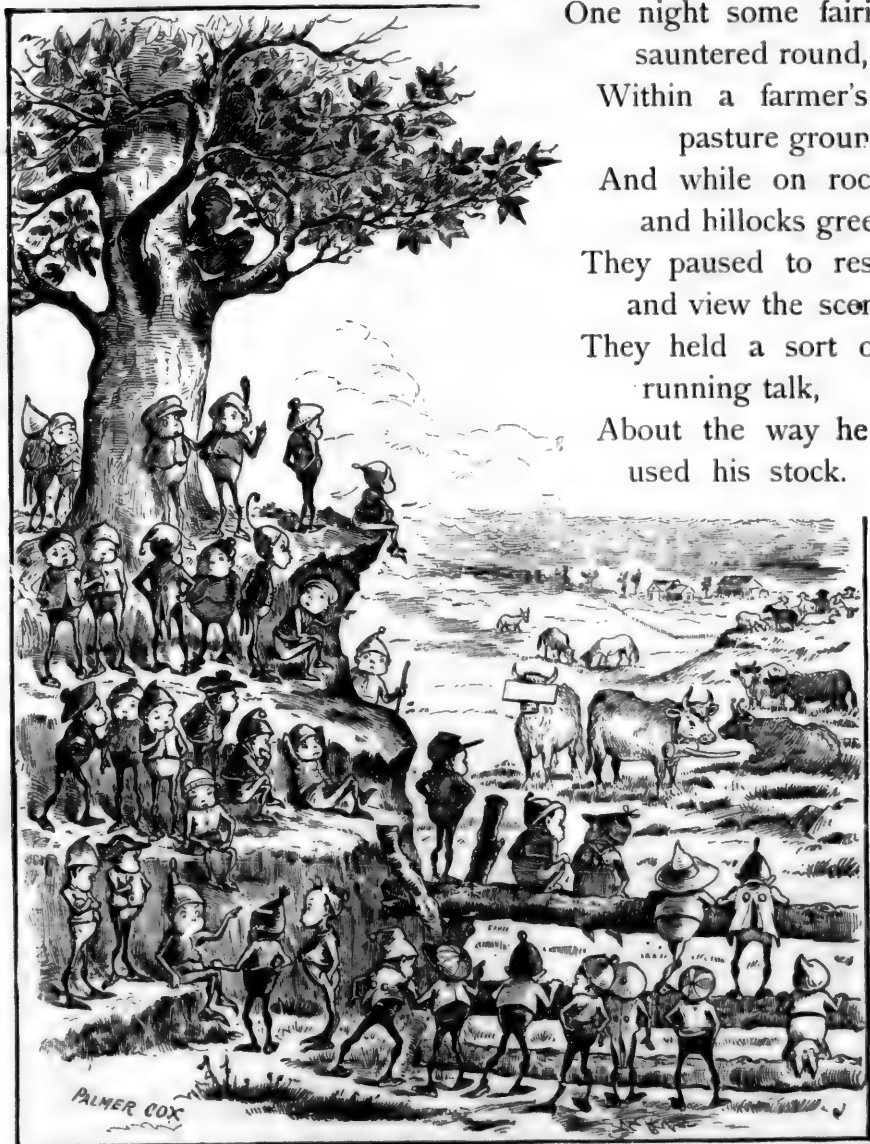
Soon a wondrous change was noted,
All throughout the Norman land;
There the Monarch and the Bishop,
For the people's welfare planned.

In the field the soldiers labored,
With a sweet contentment blessed;
While in peace, as once in warfare,
Oft' the Monarch led the rest.
While the sound of drum or trumpet,
All the pageant and the roar
Of a martial demonstration,
Stirred them not, as heretofore.
Weapons that, in many battles,
Paralyzed the Pagan foe,
Now, on poles, in corn-fields hanging,
Keep aloof the cawing crow.
And in wealth and population,
Never did a land increase
Like the Norman King's possessions,
While he fostered arts of Peace.



THE FAIRIES AND THE CRUEL FARMER.

One night some fairies
sauntered round,
Within a farmer's
pasture ground;
And while on rocks
and hillocks green,
They paused to rest
and view the scone,
They held a sort of
running talk,
About the way he
used his stock.



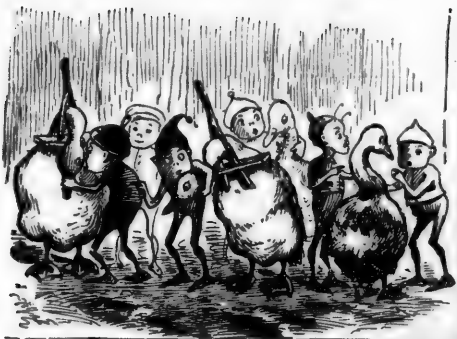
Said one, "I've known this farmer long,
 A man of will and passion strong,
 Whose heavy hand is quick to fall
 On patient brutes, in sty or stall.
 The sounding blows, when to his cart
 He yokes the steers, would pain your heart.
 He plucks his geese to sell the down,
 And they must wander through the town
 With but a feather, here and there,
 To shield them from the winter air."



Another said, "But harder still
 He treats the sheep on yonder hill;
 To know his own, if they should stray
 To other flocks or fields away,
 With cruel hand he takes a shears
 And haggles notches in their ears.
 He pokes his pigs, and clips their tails,
 And in the nose sticks rusty nails,
 To make them squeal, whene'er they start
 To practice at their special art."

To-night we'll tell these creatures dumb,
 How they can tyrants overcome;
 We'll speak about the wrongs they bear,
 The galling yokes and scars they wear;
 Remind them of the power they hold,
 And stir them up to action bold.
 The coward heart still beats behind
 The hand that strikes the helpless kind;
 And should these creatures make a show
 Of bold resistance to his blow,



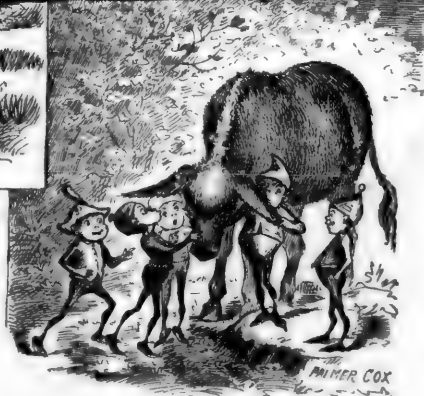


Through fear, he may
be glad to sell
To neighbors that
will use them well;

So each one do the best he can,
To save them from
this cruel man;
Let one go whisper to the mare,
Another to the pig repair;



It listens with attentive ear,
The counsel of a friend to hear;
To sheep and cows let
some proceed,
A hint is all the goat will need;



While more the donkey's mind enrich,
With cunning ways to shun the switch."



Now here and there, with one intent,
Around the grounds the Fairies went.
Some stirred the geese from their repose,
To talk about their painful woes,
And spoke of down in pillows pressed,
That still upon their backs should rest.



And some enraged the chafing boar,
Against the ornaments he wore.



"That nose," said they, "was surely made
To turn the sod, like plow or spade;



But nasal rings, designed to stay,
Now bar your pleasure, day by day."

And others whispered round till morn,
About the use of heel and horn;

"If courage could

supplant your fear,"

They reasoned with the patient steer,

"You have the tools, and have the might,

To toss him higher than a kite."

To goats and gentle sheep they said,

"You have the force, and have the head,



To bruise the flesh or break the bone;

Then why submit to stick or stone?"

Then when regard to all was paid,

The Fairies sought the forest shade.



When next the surly farmer strode

Among his stock, with whip and goad,

He noticed mischief lurking nigh,

In tossing horn and rolling eye.

In heads that turned where heels should rest,

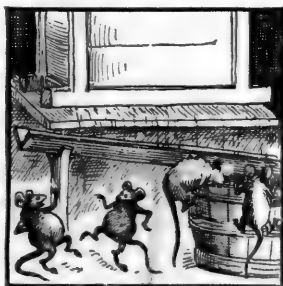
And heels that turned where heads were best.

The ready goat, with courage large,
Was gauging distance for a charge;
The donkey's heels flew round like flails;
The heifer danced upon the pails.

The ox and horse, in front, combined;
The geese, the sheep, and pigs, behind;
In vain his whip he flourished round,
For still unmov'd they held their ground,
Till forming fast a circle wide,
They hemmed him in on every side.

"Some scoundrel in the night," cried he,
"Gave liquor to my stock, I see;
Or else, the cider-mill they've drained

Of every drop the
What else could make
And greet me with
He called for aid
For serving men,
To help him beat
He proved him-
But one, ere long,



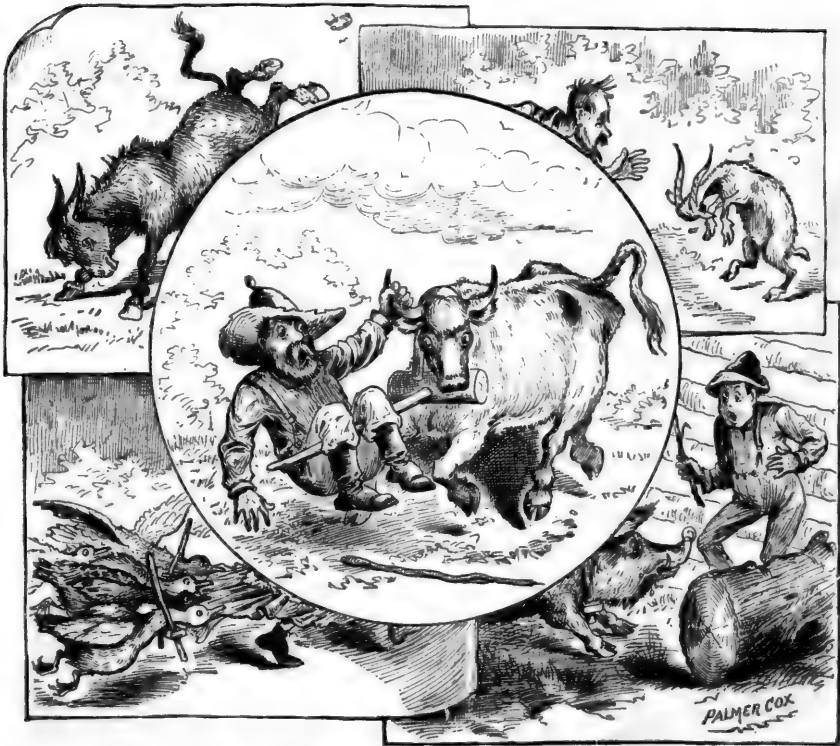
tank contained.
these creatures rise,
this wild surprise?"
with lusty yell,
and wife as well;
the stock, until
self a master still.
found all his art

At jumping high, or Jodging smart,
Was scarce enough when billy's mind
To active measures was inclined.

Another found some cause for fear
In shining tusk, that flourished near;
While round the yard, with injured pride,
The boss himself was forced to ride;
And all were soon compelled to beat
To calmer fields, a swift retreat.

Where safer quarters they could find,
And time to plaster, stitch and bind.

The farmer wiped his dripping brow,
And thus, addressed his partner now:
"Good wife, I long have thought to sell,
And in some thriving city dwell,



Where we no more may have the care
Of hooking cow, or kicking mare;
Where sheep and pigs are only found
In markets, selling by the pound;
And fowls but seldom meet the eye,
Until upon your plate they lie.

While you have ever used your voice
 Against my judgment, or my choice;
 But now no counsel will avail;
 At once I'll advertise a sale,
 And make a sweep of everything
 That lifts a hoof or flaps a wing;
 The kind with horn, the kind without,
 The kind with bill, the kind with snout;
 The big and little, high or low,
 Shall, unreserved, by auction go."



The sale was called upon the ground,
 The people came for miles around;
 And some bought single, some by lot,
 While some bid hard, but nothing got.
 The sheep went here, the donkey there,
 In other walks the goat and mare;
 Until the whole concern was sold,
 And other hands the stock controlled.

So all were glad enough to find,
 A pleasant home, with masters kind.
 Where cows received the kindest care,
 And lived upon the best of fare;
 Where pigs could stand to eat a fill,
 Or root the grassy sod at will;
 So geese, in pride, their feathers wore,
 Until they needed them no more;
 While such as labored on the land,
 Were guided by a gentle hand.





TURNING A NEW LEAF.

ON New-Year's Eve, a band of brothers,
The bear, the wolf, the fox, and others,
Of every nature, bad and good,
Assembled in a darksome wood.

It was, indeed, a stirring sight,
That dreary, cold, December night,
While limbs were weighted down with snow,
And frost was bridging streams below,
To see them come, from far and near,
To hold a friendly meeting here.

As Bruin seldom moves around,
While snow is lying on the ground,
The other beasts, who well can face
A wintry blast, or lengthy race,
In force assembled near the lair
Of their respected Brother Bear.

From silent cedar swamps profound,
The rabbit came, with lightsome bound.
Like shaft, projected by the bow,
He shoots, where'er he cares to go,
On feet by generous nature planned
For either snow or summer sand.



The hardy fox had tramped for weeks,
O'er frozen fields and mountain peaks,
Or sat for hours on crusted snow,
To view the barn-yard scenes below.

And there the wolf, through forest dark,
Had ran for miles, with howling bark,
And eyes, that seemed to throw a ray
To light the rover on his way;
Enduring heat and cold the same,
He took the seasons as they came,
And little cared what scarred his hide,
If but his stomach was supplied.



When beasts of every shape and hue,
Had gathered round, in order due,
The shaggy bear the silence broke,
And thus, in solemn accents, spoke:
"The year now drawing to a close
Has brought its share of joys and woes:
It saw us feasting on the best
The thrifty farmer's fold possessed;
It saw us, too, with aching head,
Go, lame and supperless, to bed;
And now, beneath this wintry bower,
It seems to me a fitting hour

For us to mend our ways; in brief,
To turn in life another leaf.

There's not a creature of us all

But has some fault, however small,

That we should leave behind us here,

Upon the threshold of the year.

As for myself, I stand aghast,

When I review the summer past.

I fancy still

I hear the cry

Of children, as

I bounded nigh;

The squealing pig,

and bleating sheep

I often hear,

when fast asleep;

And tho', perhaps,

I'm not the worst,

I here discard my

faults the first.

No more the farmer's sheep I'll rend,

Or hug the calf, like bosom friend;

No more beneath the starry sky,

I'll drag the porker from the sty;

The fruit of field, and yellow grain,

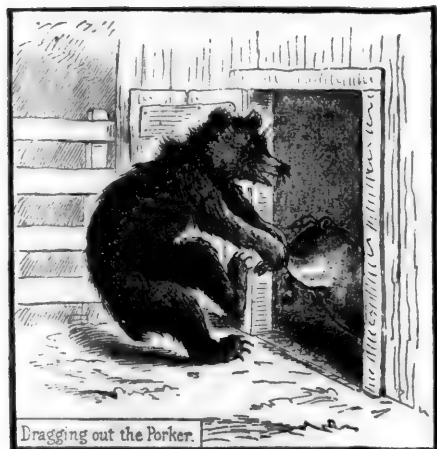
In future shall my life sustain."

Then, next in order to the bear,

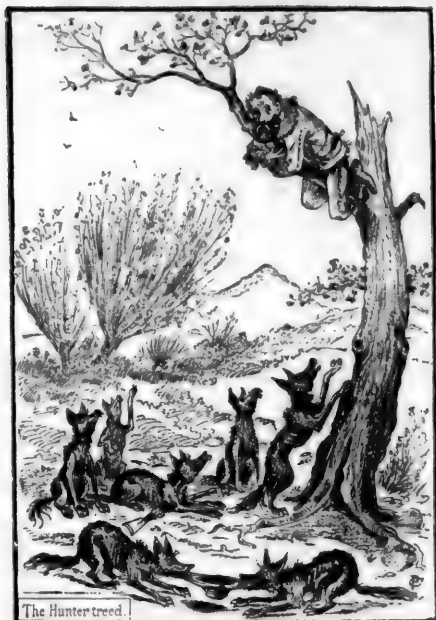
The wolf remarked, with humble air,

"I, too, might speak of troubled sleep,

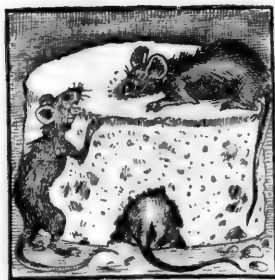
Of night alarms and worried sheep,



Of tender kids,
 or frightened steed,
 Of traveler's bones,
 and hunter treed.
 My faults are many
 as the stars,
 My virtues fewer
 than my scars;
 I feel that I
 should not be last
 To mourn my
 actions in the past,
 And here resolve,
 no more to prey
 On other things
 that cross my way."



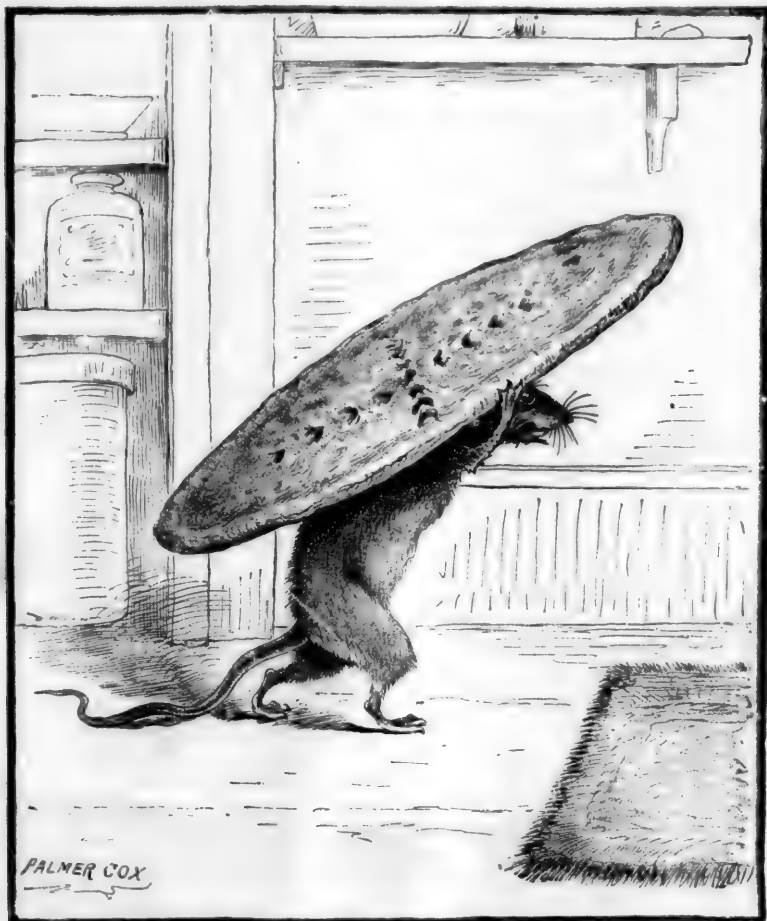
He ceased, and sinking in his place,
 Behind his paws concealed his face.



The rat that breakfasted on pie,
 And lunched on cheese, now gave a sigh,
 And speaking meekly through his nose,
 Did thus his leading sin disclose:
 "Though little blood in fact I shed,
 While picking up my daily bread,
 Some faults exist, I frankly own;
 My thievish ways are widely known.

I've nibbled bags and boxes through,
 And ruined carpets, old and new,
 When hunger gnawed within me more,
 Than I at barriers before.

You'll see by scratches on my tail,
How near my life was pussy's nail;
But, through stout heart and hopeful soul,
I struggled on and reached the hole.



For striving once the bait to get,
And leave the trap still nicely set—
A trick that fools alone would dare—
A broken nose through life I'll bear.

But better nose than neck should crack,
Which would have gone had I been slack.

But when you speak of good reform,
I feel the heart within me warm;
And though folks leave the pantry door
Wide open, nightly, evermore,
Hereafter, when I reach the place,
I'll pass it with averted face."

Then, with a dry
The weasel next
"My coat," said he,
Which might imply
But when you know
You'll think me
Whilst midnight
Around the man-
I crept beneath
And killed him, as
I ate the chick-
And did such things
I promise, there-



and wheezy squeak,
began to speak;
"is clean and white,
a conscience bright;
my life, I'm sure
anything but pure.
hung her sable pall,
ger, mow, and stall,
the rooster bold,
the hours he told;
ens in the shell,
I shame to tell;
fore, I'll begin

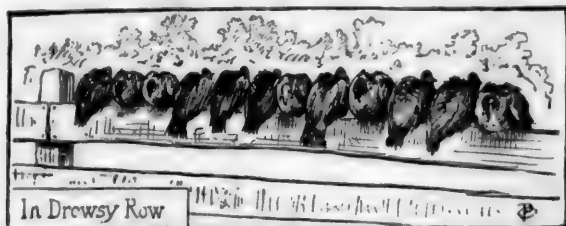
At once, a better name to win."

The skunk, the coon, and badger gray,
All stood in turn and had their say;
But when the fox rose in his place,
All eyes were fastened on his face,
For he was known, to great and small,
As master-villain of them all.

"I would," said he, "I could restore
The poultry to the yards once more,



Which, in the season passed away,
 I have purloined by night and day.
 No more they'll roost in drowsy row,



Their bones lie underneath the snow;
 Their downy coats have served to line
 The robin's nest in beech and pine;
 The mother duck will lead no more
 Her young along the weedy shore;
 I stripped the pond of all the breed,
 And never left a fowl for seed.

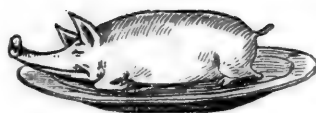


The Widow Giles, below the mill,
 Is looking for her goslings still.
 Poor soul! I never see her stand,
 With anxious face and shading hand,
 But I regret the part I played
 That evening, by the alder shade.

And Farmer Dobbs can never tell
 What took the fowl he fed so well.
 For weeks and weeks, at eve and morn,
 He stuffed her crop with wheat and corn.

And sent his invitations out,
 To aunts and uncles, miles about,
 For old and young to come, betimes,
 And pick her bones, at Christmas chimes;

But, thanks to me,
'Twas pork that on
But had it been
To taste that tur-



upon that day,
their platters lay;
their happy lot
key, cold or hot,

As round the table there they sat,
They would, indeed, have found her fat."

He paused, and with a trembling paw,
Removed a tear-drop from his jaw,
Then said: "I, too, within the year,
Saw hopes deferred,
and days of fear.

I've touched the poison
with my nose,
I've heard the trap beneath me close,
I've felt the breath
of straining hound,
Upon my haunch at every bound;
And past my ears,
with lightning speed,
I've heard the whizzing lead proceed.
But, through the year now drawing nigh,
To lead a blameless life I'll try."



And there, beneath the swaying trees,
As round them played the whistling breeze.
And from the sky, the queen of night
Looked down upon the pleasing sight,
With many a vow and promise true,
They all resolved to start anew;
And, let us hope, in after days
They followed peaceful, honest ways:
That guns, and snares, and traps severe,
Were not required throughout the year.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

THE night was dark, and all the house
In peaceful slumber lay;



The cats had gone to make a call
On friends across the way,

When from the corner
of a room,
Where all could entrance find;
A band of cunning mice
appeared,
With mischief in their mind.

All wearing masks, as though
to hide

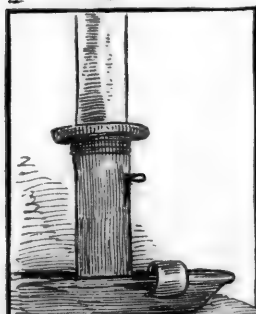
Their features from a foe;
In single order, one by one,
They ventured from below.

By signs and whispers they
advanced,
As burglars move around;



Prepared to turn and leave the place,
Upon the slightest sound.

As soldiers must commanders have,
To lead them to the fray;
So one, more daring, moved in front,
And pointed out the way.

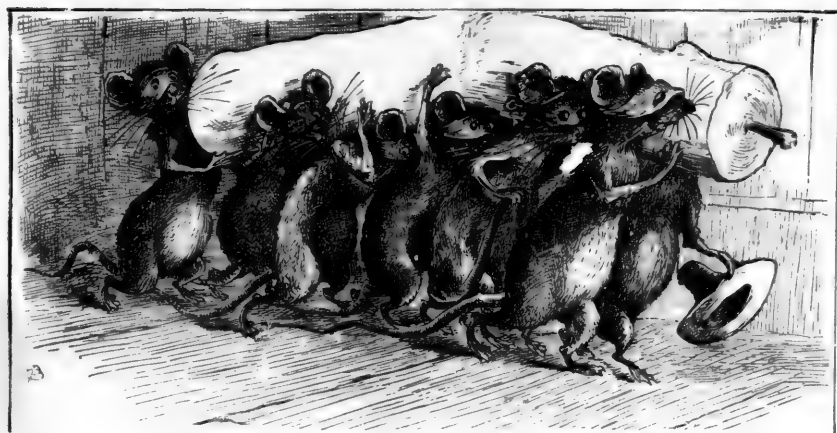


But bread and cheese were under keys,
The cake and pie the same;

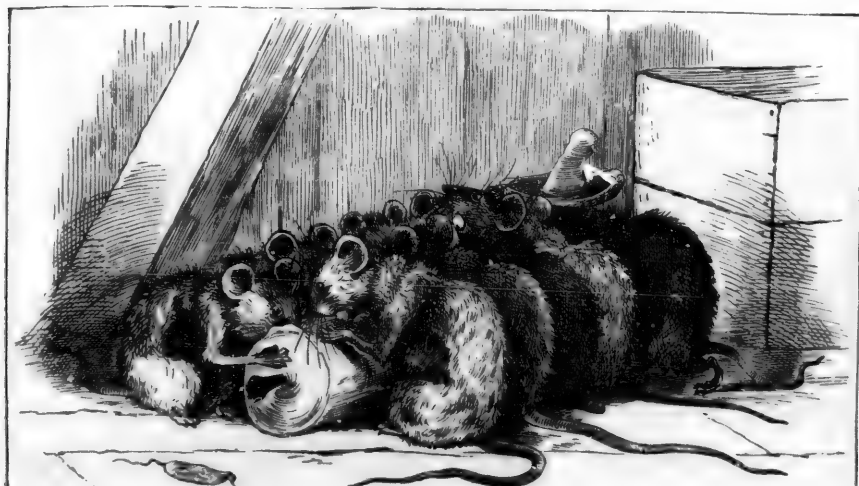


Alone, a tallow candle stood,
That scarce had felt the flame.

The hungry band here made a stand,
And soon to action flew,



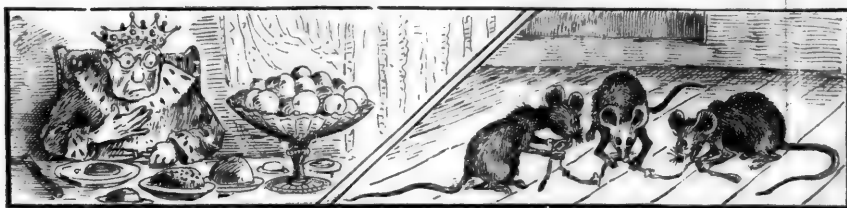
And from its socket-pedestal
The graceful column drew.



On heads, and backs, and shoulder-blades,
Where best the burden lay,

With smiling face, and rapid pace,
They bore the prize away.

And when, at last, the load was cast,
Where all could form in shape,
And each one got a certain spot
At which to sit and scrape,



Then, kings around their royal board,
Arrayed in jewels bright,
With crowns of gold and wealth untold,
Might envy their delight.



THE WOLF AND THE BEAR.

THE Bear was feeling ill one fall;
So neighbor Wolf made haste to call,
To tell what best would suit his case,
And bring the color to his face.

Now Doctor Wolf was shrewd of mind—
A sharper of the sharpest kind;
And when his eyes had travelled o'er
Old Bruin's tempting winter store,
Said he: "Your pulse is low indeed;
A change of life you sorely need.

A trip across the ocean blue
Might brace your failing strength anew;
Or Greenland's climate might impart
A smoother action to your heart.
But, living high, I plainly see,



Is what will dig the pit for thee.
Unless you change your present style,
You'll hardly see the summer smile.
Take good advice, and fling aside
Your salted pork and mutton dried.
The pickled feet and sausage give

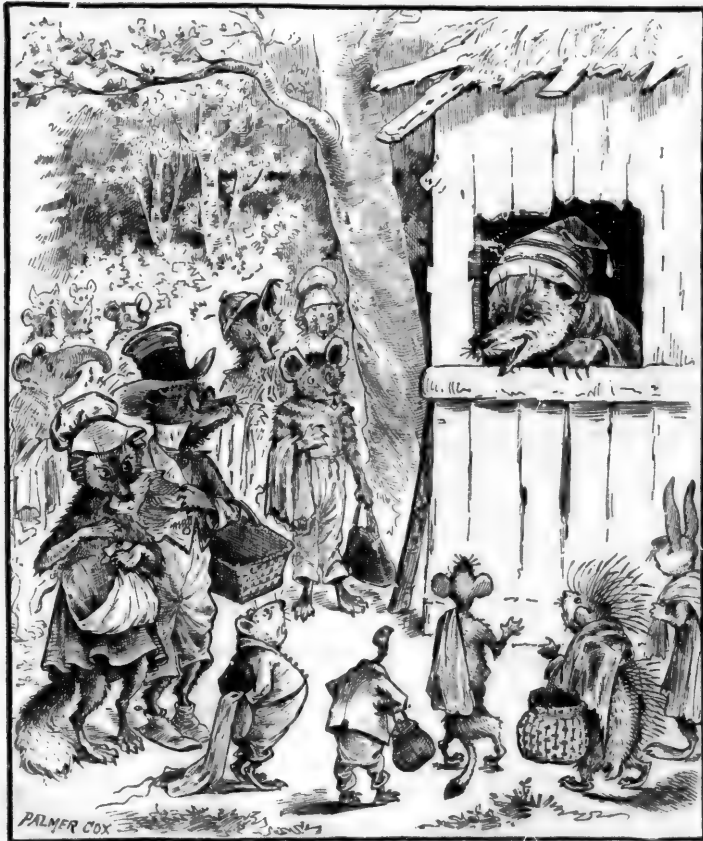
To those who'd rather die than live.

Of roots and herbs your meals prepare,

For health is found in simple fare."

It seemed to give the Bear delight,

To learn the way to live aright;



So off the crafty Doctor ran

To tell his friends about the plan;

How Bruin now would feast no more

On stews, and roasts, as heretofore;

But freely scatter to the wind

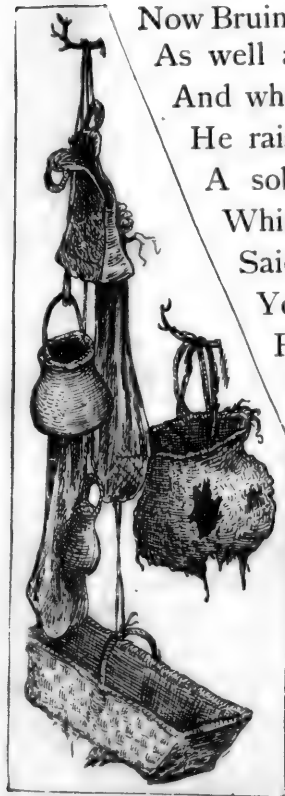
Provisions of the choicest kind.

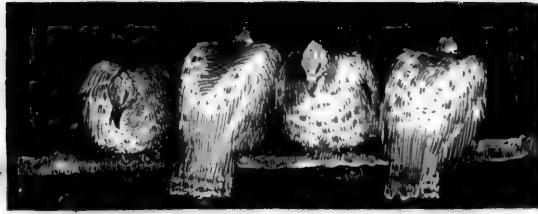
No sooner had the bats of night
 Commenced their wild, uncertain flight,
 Than, from the mountain and the glen,
 From rocky lair and earthy den,
 The beasts came trooping, great and small,
 To give the ailing Bear a call.
 With bags and baskets well supplied,
 And apron-strings securely tied,
 They gathered round to get their share
 Of food that might be scatter'd there.



Now Bruin had a humorous vein,
 As well as even-balanced brain;
 And when he heard the racket and rout,
 He raised the sash, and, peeping out,
 A sober face he tried to show,
 While thus he hailed the crowd below.
 Said he, "With pain occurs the thought,
 You all have lost your rest for naught;
 For, truth to tell, depart you will
 With bag and basket empty still,
 As I've decided to pursue
 My former course the season through,
 And change my diet by-and-by,
 When gone my present large supply."

A moral here, uncovered, shines
 For those who read between the lines;
 The brightest hopes will often fade,
 However well the plans are laid.





THE TURKEY IN DANGER.

WHILE turkeys roosted on a fence,
A fox approached with care,



And soon
within
her basket
lay
The largest
gobbler
there.

Then,
as
the Christmas
times
were nigh,
The fox
went
off
in
glee;

Her youngster trotting by her side,
The smallest one of three.

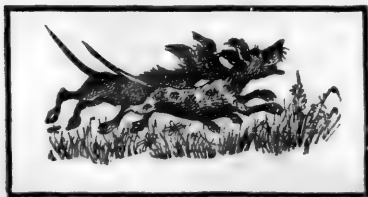
It made with her that early start
To exercise and run,
To take some lessons in the art,
And learn how work was done.

"You're growing old," the youngster said,
"I saw you limp, to-day;
But when you're hunting game, I see,
You've not forgot the way."

"'Tis true," she said, "of late I've had
Rheumatics in my toe;
But I'll not take the second place
To any fox I know.

"There may be some with quicker ear,
With sharper sight another;
But there's not one can bag a fowl
As nicely as your mother.

"I've often heard your father say,
When I was young and free,
He never saw a fox could clear
A panel fence like me.



"I think I see him sit and smile
Upon me, sweet and fond;
When he observed how quick, I could
Of goslings strip the pond.

"He said I far excelled himself,
Though he was widely famed,
And by the farmers, far and near,
For many years was blamed.

He died at last, while breaking fast,,
Behind yon rocky hill,
It makes me sad to think your dad,
Mistook that awful pill.

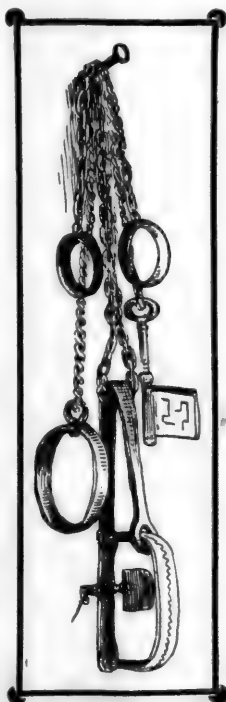
May palsy shake the guilty hand,
That did the dose provide;
Which turned him almost inside out,
Ere I could reach his side.

Oh, never touch
To aught,
Until its nature,
You rightly

I've seen more
Than I can
Where rash advance,
Brought sorrow

There's not an
However
But suffering crea-
Regret some

O, child of mine,
And shun the
Beware of guns,
But with in-



your nose, my dear,
however grand,
full and clear,
understand.

trouble in my day
now explain,
or games of chance,
in their train.

hour passes by,
plans are laid,
tures, low and high,
move they've made.

avoid the trap,
tempting pill;
that never snap
tent to kill.

Nor blindly be enticed astray,
By pleasures spread around;
To be the sport, if not the prey,
Of every yelping hound."

"I'll bear your counsel in my mind,"
 The baby fox replied;
 "And think of thee whene'er I see,
 Temptations at my side."

"That's good," the smiling dame remarked,
 "Advice is vain indeed,
 Unless the soil whereon it falls,
 Is mellow for the seed."

"That's fine discourse," the turkey thought,
 As there he lay in fear;
 "Had I with caution thus been taught,
 I hardly would be here."

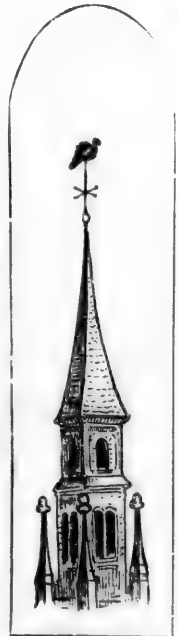
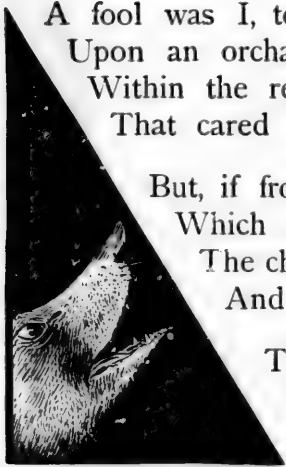
A fool was I, to sit and doze,
 Upon an orchard fence;
 Within the reach of every nose
 That cared to drag me thence.

But, if from here I ever rise,
 Which I will scarcely do;
 The chance I'll prize, to be more wise,
 And start in life anew.

The tallest post the farm can boast,
 Will not my wishes meet;
 But, in the tree, each night I'll be,
 And there myself secrete.

I'll trust to neither kith nor kin,
 Nor on the dog rely;
 And should I roost upon a spire,
 I'll keep one open eye."

Thus, while they moved upon their way,
 To gain the forest green,



They reached a place where cedar rails
Were laid along between.

To mount a fence has never been
An easy thing to do,



When those who climb convey a load,
That must be rising, too.

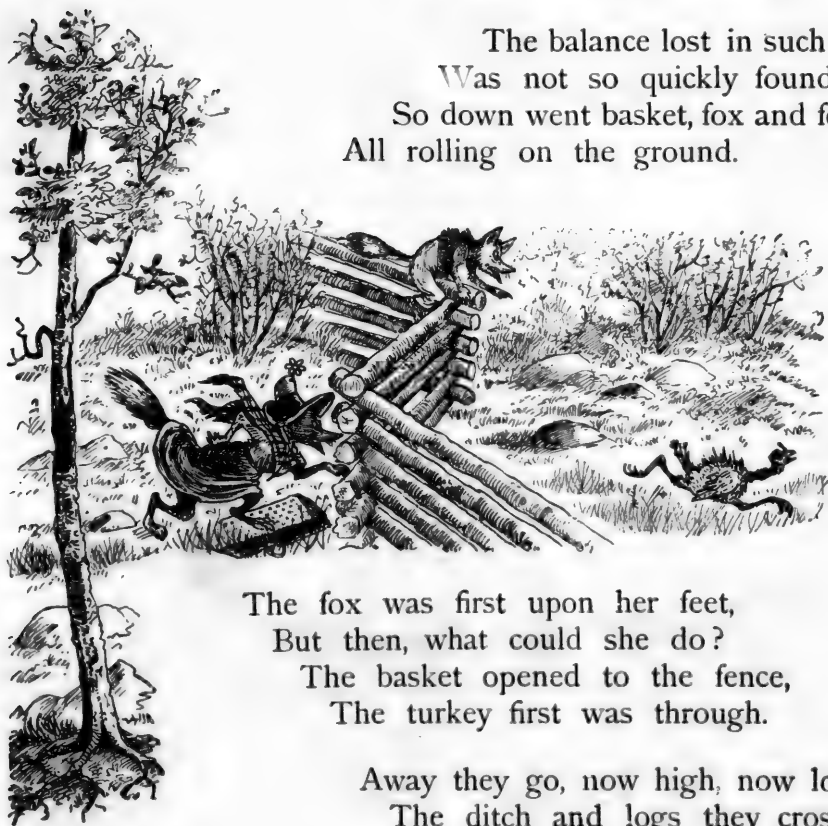
But, nothing daunted by the sight,
She, step by step, arose;

At times employing elbow joints,
As well as all her toes.

But as she reached the topmost rail,
And paused, her breath to win;
The turkey, taken with a cramp,
Began to lurch within.

The fowl was not arranged with care,
According to its mind;
The head was down, the heels in air,
The tail was left behind.

The balance lost in such a place,
Was not so quickly found;
So down went basket, fox and fowl,
All rolling on the ground.



The fox was first upon her feet,
But then, what could she do?
The basket opened to the fence,
The turkey first was through.

Away they go, now high, now low,
The ditch and logs they cross;
The turkey missed his spreading tail,
But fear made up the loss.

The fox had sprained an ankle-joint,
When from the fence she rolled;
And now, although she strained a point,
Against her speed it told.

The highest rail the youngster found,
From which the chase to view,



And cried, "Alas! 'tis gaining ground,
I'm dreadful hungry, too."

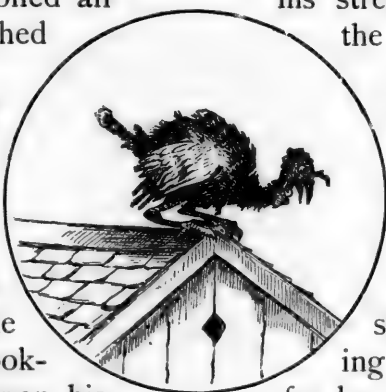
'Twas heel and toe, and grab and go,
Around the rocks and trees;

And lucky was that fowl to know
His feathers pulled with ease.

Their coming out at "clutches stout,"
Still left him free to run;
Had they been rooted fast, no doubt,
His gobbling days were done.

The turkey, when the barn was nigh,
Though out of wind, and weak,
Now summoned all his strength to fly,
And reached the highest peak.

His rise was not
Of birds of
But grace or style
When safety



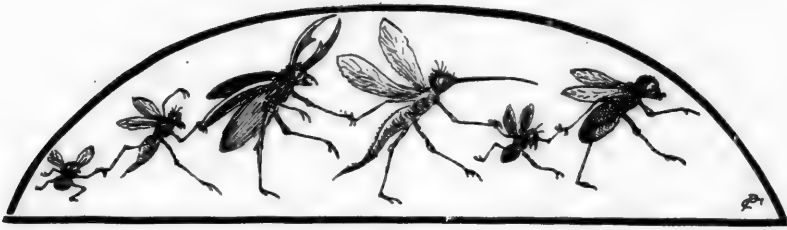
the graceful flight
eagle breed;
is valued light,
lies in speed.

It bore him from
And from the
And left him look-
Upon his

the reaching paw,
shining teeth,
ing down in awe,
foe beneath.

The fox one moment viewed the fowl,
Then turned her from the scene
And never ran so mad a rogue,
Through field or forest green.

But never since that time of fear,
At least so runs the tale,
Has man or beast that turkey found
Asleep upon a rail.



THE BANQUET.

(A TALE OF THE JERSEY MEADOWS.

“COME, be stirring,” said the fly,
To the gnat, reposing nigh;
“There’s a banquet near at hand, or deceptive is mine eye.”

“I am with you! count me in,”
Said his hearer, with a grin;
“I have fasted for a week, and am getting rather thin.”

“Tell old messmates where you go,”
Whined mosquitoes from below;
“And, to bring the whole brigade along, our bugles we will blow.”

“I’ll not tarry here alone,”
Cried the beetle with a drone;
“And, though clumsy on the wing, at a feast I’ll hold my own.”

Said the fly, “Then come with me,
And, ere long, you all may see,
What is now before my vision spread, as plain as plain can be;

"See, a cow has caught her tail,
In the sliver of a rail,
As she crossed the panel fence that surrounds the cultured vale.

"We can bite and we can bore,
We can leech her o'er and o'er,
And not suffer
from that scourge,
so annoying, heretofore."

So, away before the blast,
Flew the insects, thick and fast,
Till they darkened up
the sky, as though clouds
were going past.

Oh, the portly and the spare,
And the starving ones were there,
That, from either man or beast,
are not slow
to claim their share.

Many species were arrayed.
Do not seek their class or grade,
For your books on ento-
mology can give
you little aid.



From the hollows, from the hills,
From the streams that turn the mills,
They were coming, they were humming, and were getting ready bills.

When came dawn of morning fair,
Lo, the cow was lying there,
With her horns among the buttercups, her hoofs aloft in air.

But the story is not done,
Till a climax has been won,
And that cow was well avenged, ere the day was scarce begun.

For she drank, as it would seem,
From a poison-tinctured stream,
Where some Paris Green had baffled the potato-beetle's scheme.

Through the night the bossy died,
From the dose the brook supplied,
And communicated bane to those boring through her hide.

But we've nothing more to do,
With the cow, her case is through,
'Tis the tribe in consternation that my muse must now pursue.



She'll have work enough on hand,
To describe that tortured band,
As they left in all directions to go staggering through the land.

There was trouble in the camp,
And complaints from every scamp,
As each member found he had his share of dizziness and cramp.

And if ever there were cries,
Or unqualified surprise,
Or repentance for an act, it was there among those flies,



How they blamed the busy friend,
Who enticed them to this end,
How they wished
that all their racking pains
might in the villain blend.



How they watched to see his throes,
And in part forgot their woes,
As they noticed
that he was the first
to upward turn his toes.



What a griping time was there,
What a sawing of the air,
What a grasping
at their stomachs, as
they tumbled in despair.



Oh, the chafing of the claws,
Oh, the working of the jaws,
Oh, the stiffening up of joints,
and the wondering at the cause.

It would weary every ear,
All the facts at large to hear,
How they dropped among the daisies, never after to appear.

And the people living round,
Thus escaped the sting or sound
From a single pest of air, till the snow-flakes hid the ground.

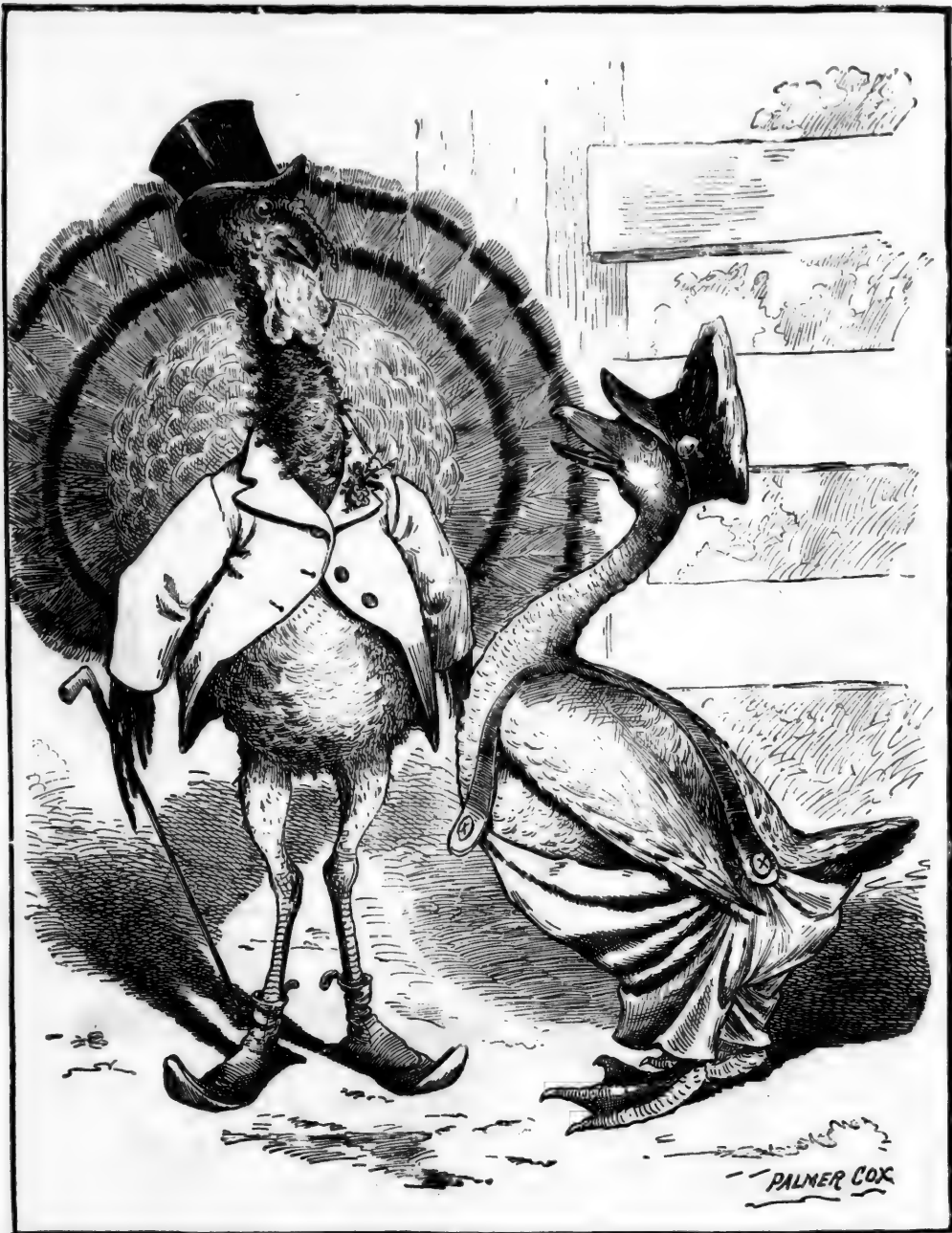
Of' as on through life we wend,
In disguise our gifts descend,
And, what seemed a sad misfortune, proves a blessing in the end.



THE GOBBLER AND THE GANDER.

SAID a Gobbler to a Gander, with a proud, disdainful glance,
As they met one afternoon, in a farmer's yard by chance,
"You're the most ungainly fowl that I meet throughout the day,
As you waddle, waddle round, in your slow, ungraceful way;
And, to tell the truth, my friend, if I looked as bad as you,
I would seldom walk abroad, but would hide myself from view."

Said the Gander to the Gobbler, "Oh, you needn't swell with pride,
Just because your legs are long and you spread your tail so wide,
For, in spite of all your airs, I am smarter still than you,
I can swim, and I can dive, something you can never do."
Then the Gobbler turned away, with a visage red as flame,
In a stack of barley straw to conceal his head in shame.



THE WASP AND THE BEE.

In a garden sweet and fair,
Once a bright and busy pair,
Held a brief conversation on a lily.
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,
"Your manœuvres puzzle me,
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."



"In the school where
you were taught,
Was the fact
before you brought,
That our time is
equivalent to money?
Now for days and days we've met,
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,
But you never seem
to carry any honey."

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile,
With your blunt, outspoken style,
You have many things to learn, I must declare;
For a thousand sunny hours
You've been pumping at the flowers,
And you never dreamed of poison being there.

"From the phlox and columbine,
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;

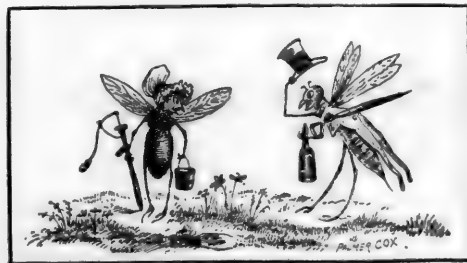
While I, coming in your wake,
From the self-same blossoms take
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.

“Let me whisper in your ear:
I have found while roaming here
Over garden, over orchard, over field,
That the fairest growth of flowers,
Which adorn these haunts of ours,
The most deadly kind of poison often yields.”



“Bless my sting!” exclaimed the Bee,
“Every day we live to see
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.
Who would think a nauseous drug
Could be stored away so snug,
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?”

And, with that it flew away,
To a field of blooming hay,
On the buttercup and clover to alight;
While the Wasp set out to find
Something suited to his mind,
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.



THE MAIDEN AND THE KNIGHT.

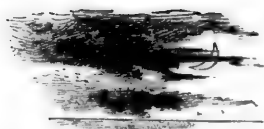
A FAIRY TALE.



THE day was lost, when from the fight
Young Harwick rode, a valiant knight
Who fought till every bridge was crossed,
And every hope and standard lost.
The King himself, upon the field,
Lay dead, beneath his battered shield,
Before the Knight forsook the fray
And rode to rescue Lady May:
A maiden fair, of high degree,
That night she was his bride to be,
Had fickle fortune scorned them less,
And crowned their legions with success.
She must not in her home remain,
Where sack and pillage soon must reign;
But time was short for him to fly
And save her from the danger nigh.
As Harwick bore her from the Hall,
The foes were shouting round the wall;
As through the park away they rode,
A blazing pile the castle glowed.
Where shall they fly? Behind them rose
The shouts and clamor of their foes.
The North Sea, half a league before,
Disputed boundary with the shore.



Could they but reach the Norway coast,
They would avoid the conquering host;
But vain the wish, no ship is near,
No boats upon the marge appear;



Now something more than strength of steed
Must serve them, in their hour of need.



Oh, wonder-working fairies, Hail!



When human arts and efforts fail,
And hope departs, ye choose the hour
To introduce your mystic power.



Now, from the shadow of the wood,

A band of fairies came, and stood

Before the Knight and maiden fair,

Who, much perplexed, were standing there.

So sudden came the troop around,

They seemed to issue from the ground;

The wondering couple, all amazed,

In silence on the comers gazed;

And, in the midst of their distress,

They hardly could a smile suppress,

To see the strange and motley crew

That round them in a moment flew.

A few had beards, unkempt and wild,
While some were beardless as a child,
With dimpled cheeks and sparkling eyes,
That told of youngsters early wise;

A jacket here was black as night,
Another there was red, or white,





While some were many colors dyed,
Or spotted as the leopard's hide;

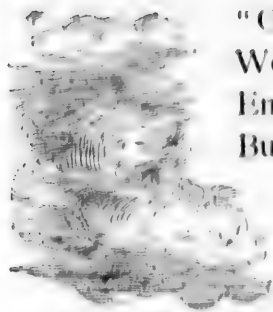
Some wanted both a coat and vest,
While some had these and lacked the rest;
But all were jovial, keen and spry,
And trimmed to either run or fly.



Now, one who seemed to be the queen,
With tiny wand and mantle green,
And scarlet hat of comic mold,
Addressed the pair in language bold:
"Oh, gallant Knight and lady fair,
But trust your fortunes to our care,
And you may safely quit this shore
Without the aid of sail or oar.
We'll leave you on the Norway strand,
Away from persecution's hand;
Nor fear the magic power we wield,
For never yet was case revealed,
In story old, or ballad new,
Where fairies wronged the good and true."
What moved the elves to cross their way
And proffer aid, we cannot say.

It might have been the maiden's sigh,
Or tear that glistened in her eye;
For nothing can a fairy see,
That sooner wakes its sympathy.
But fairly was the offer made,
Nor was the answer long delayed.





"Oh, witch or elfe, whate'er you be,
We trust our keeping all to thee;
Employ what arts you may command,
But guide us from this wretched land."

She reached her wand and touched the Knight,
And lo! his suit of armor bright
Appeared to melt, and fade away
To sweeping wings, and feathers gray;

With curving beak and talons long,

He stood, an eagle swift and strong,

Prepared, among the clouds to fly,

Or scan the sun with matchless eye.

She touched the lady,—quick as thought,

Another wondrous change was wrought.

Instead of robes of silken fold,

Instead of gems and chains of gold,

In place of shining locks of hair,

The plumage of the swan was there!

With graceful mien, and look sedate,

She stood beside her royal mate;

Prepared, with him, at once to brave

The howling winds, or foaming wave.



The fairy waved her wand around,
And both rose, circling, from the ground;
But though like birds they were in kind,
They still possessed the human mind;
So, wing to wing, across the sea,
Their course was taken, fast and free.



"A pleasing sight," the fairy cried,
"Behold them journey, side by side,
What tenderness and trust is there,
I'll warrant you, a loving pair!"

For hours, above the dashing spray,
Still flew the swan and eagle gray.

At times they skim-
At times among the
But whether thro'
Or thro' the foam-
Still, side by side,
With equal speed
The eagle proves



med the ocean blue,
clouds they flew;
the darkened sky,
ing spray they fly,
they kept in place,
and equal grace.
no laggard bird,

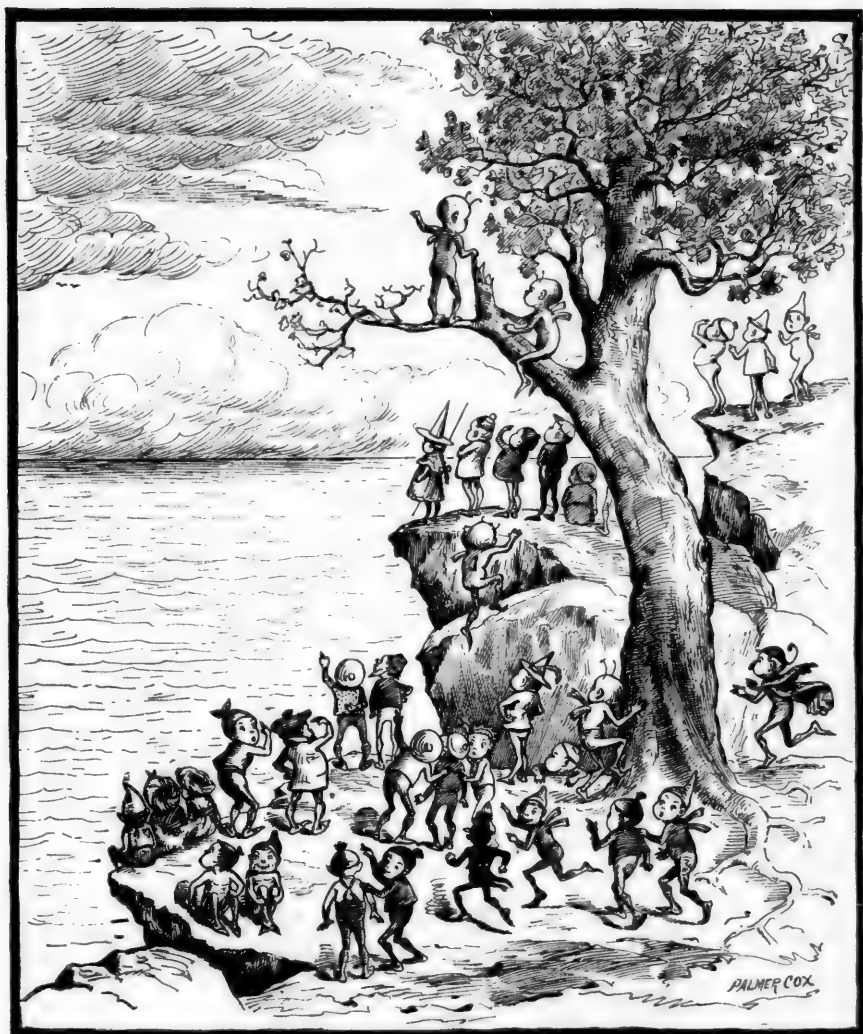
When by the driving tempest stirred;
The swan can spread her pinions white
And pass the arrow in its flight;
But tho' that night they did their best,
And crossed the deep without a rest,
Nor turned aside from straightest line
That old sea captains could assign,
Yet, when arrived on Norway's shore,
The fairy band was there before!

But how those elves
Had reached that
Perhaps, upon the
Or scudding cloud
Doubtless, unseen
O'er surging sea,



in strangest guise,
coast, is but surmise.
winds they rode,
in haste bestrode;
by man, they flew
through ether blue;

Or, ran around the sea entire,
Like currents of electric fire.

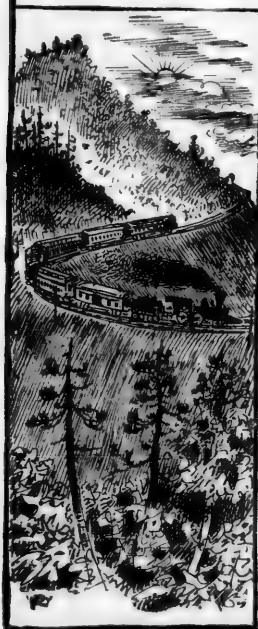


But this is certain, all were there,
And waiting for the coming pair.

The queen, approaching, waved her wand,
And touched them, as they reached the land.

Oh, happy change! at once away
Goes curving beak and feathers gray;
The scaly talons fade from sight;

He stands again in armor bright!
And ere he turns, to view with pride,
The trusting creature by his side,
Away goes plumage, white as snow;
The spreading feet and pinions go;
The lengthy neck and yellow bill
Have vanished, at the fairy's will.
Again she stands a maiden there,
In form and face exceeding fair.



"Then," said the fairy, "marvel not
That we are first upon the spot.
The charger never shook a heel,
Nor locomotive turned a wheel,

Nor feathered creature split the air,
That can, for speed, with us compare.

The wind, with all its puff and blow,
We leave behind, as on we go.
As meteors shoot through empty space,
So fairies move from place to place,
With speed that one can only find
In creatures of the spirit kind.
'Twas meet that we should reach the shore
Your former natures to restore,
Or else, forever you would fly,
But objects for the hunter's eye.
Now, though we travel east and west,
We love our native land the best;
So back again we all must speed,
For others may assistance need;
And fairies, since the world was new,
Have lent their aid to lovers true;
And always, till creation's end,
Will still be found, the lover's friend!"





THE WINDFALL.

N a westward reaching railroad,
Over plain and mountain laid,
Journeyed once a woeful member
Of the famous tramp brigade.

Out at knees, and out at elbows,
Gone his credit, gone his tin,
His defence a heavy cudgel,
His adherents next his skin.

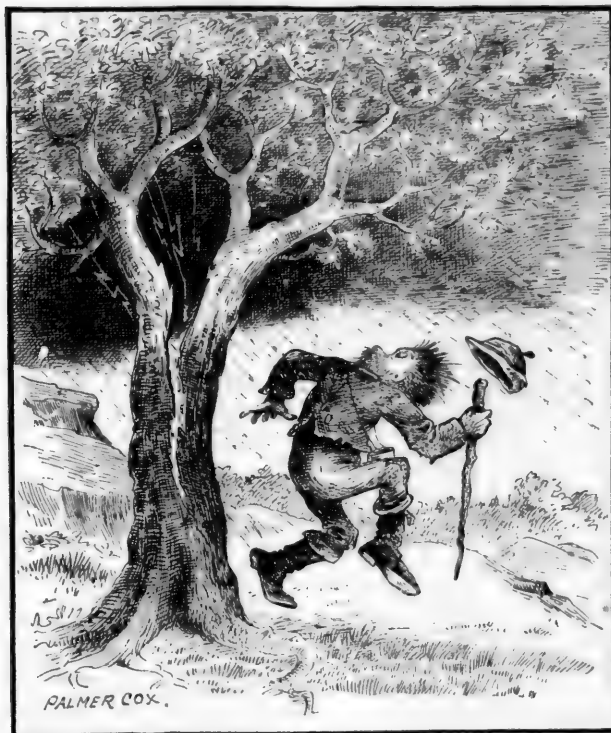
Gnawing bones, by dogs abandoned,
Sleeping under stacks of hay,
Stealing rides and haunting dairies,
Moved this nomad, day by day.

Baby-feared and dog-detested,
Shunning water, soap and light,
Buried pride and blunted feeling,
Nothing sound but appetite.

Those who saw him, in the evening,
Slouching round their barn-yard go,
Doubted much if in the morning,
They would hear their rooster crow.



While he tramped across the mountains,
Where eternal lies the snow,
As the night was darkly closing,
Wild the wind commenced to blow.

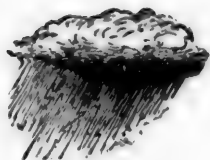


Soon the rain, in torrents pouring,
Brought the slush about the knee,
And the lightning stroke descending,
Split in twain his shelter tree.

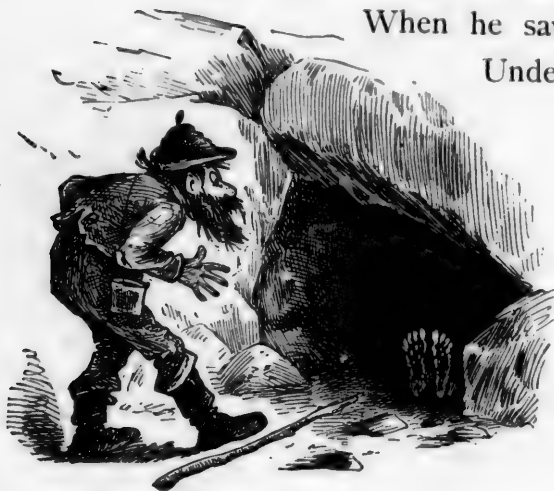


Fearing such another summons,
Might do more than singe his hair,
Down a narrow gulch he bolted
Seeking better shelter there.

Soon a cave the wretch discovered
Formed by over-hanging stones,
But in terror backward bounded
On beholding human bones.



Then a change came o'er his visage
And his fears began to lull,
When he saw a bag of gold-dust
Underneath the grinning skull.



Years before some
famished miner
Lay and perished
there alone,
With his treasure
for a pillow
And his couch, the
flinty stone.

There lay pick, and pan, and shovel,
Worn with years of rust away,
And the well-filled buckskin showing
Mines were paying in his day.

Snow had covered bones and treasure,
Safe from sight the seasons through,
But the recent heavy freshet,
Brought the cave again in view.

Wrong to take e'en what another
Has no use for, high or low;
But perhaps this hard-pressed brother
Now in question, thought not so.



Bending low beneath the windfall,
In which shining thousands lay,
Moved the traveler for the railroad
When the storm had passed away.

Now no more to ride on bumpers,
Or to burrow, like a beast,
In the haystack, but to travel
Like a nabob of the East.

Thus the storm of rain and lightning
That beset and tried him sore,
While it seemed to seek his ruin,
Drove him straight to Fortune's door.



This is truth, than fiction stranger,
Truth in picture and in rhyme,
Some may doubt it, but *this* ranger
Knows the party like a dime.

In that far-off sunny region,
Where the people delve for gold,
And the earthquake oft reminds them
Of their sins so manifold,

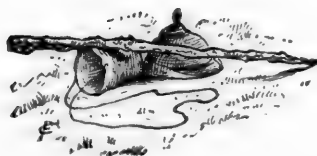
He who tramped is now in clover;
Like a prince he lives at ease,
With his pleasure-boats and horses,
And his servants, if you please.



Vain would be the task now closing,
Vain your patience, vain my line,
Did no moral thread imposing,
Through the homespun fabric shine.

Know the darkest night that lowers,
Or the hardest luck that falls,
Oft but ushers brightest hours,
Oft the richest fortune calls.

When misfortunes round you gather,
Crowding, crushing, pile on pile,
Sink not under, brave them rather,
Think upon this man and smile.



THE GUILEFUL PAPOOSE.

WHERE wild Sierra's forests wave,
The youthful heir of Piute brave
Sat by the station, lone and bare,
While stopped the train a moment there.



With hands across his stomach locked,
From side to side he wrung and rocked,
And filled the passengers with dread,
So loud he screamed for meat and bread.
One, judging by that awful cry,
Would think the child

must eat or die ;

And few who heard

the loud appeal,

Unmindful listened to the "squeal."

A dozen baskets open yawn,

From every lunch a part is drawn ;

And down about the youngster's knees,

Descend enough of bread, and cheese,

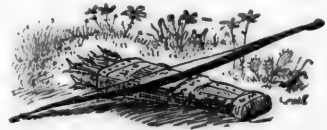
And cake, and pie, and chicken legs,

And sandwiches, and hard-boiled eggs,

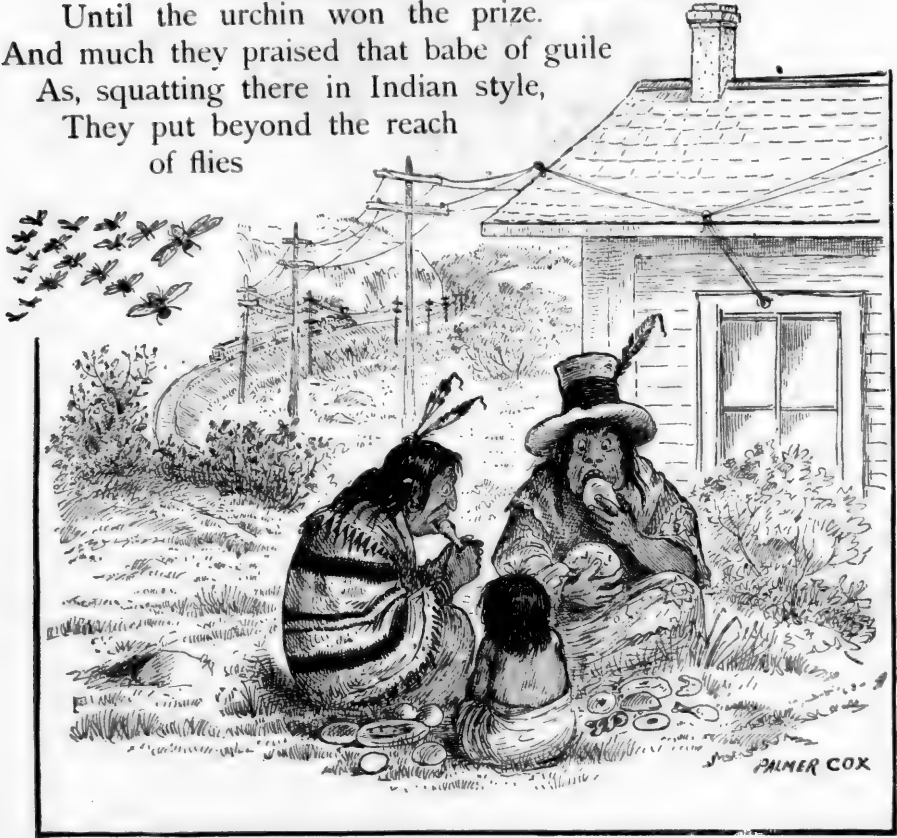
To fill a bucket heaping o'er,

Then onward moves the train once more.

But ah, deceit, so often found
In pale-face tribes the world around,
Is not a stranger to the brain
Of Red Men on the western plain.



The truth, unvarnished, must be told,
A trick it was, the parents old
Had taught him well the part to play,
And thus he bellowed every day,
While they kept back from public eyes
Until the urchin won the prize.
And much they praised that babe of guile
As, squatting there in Indian style,
They put beyond the reach
of flies



The chicken legs and berry pies,
The cake and cheese, and slices wide,
The sandwiches, and all beside;
Then heavy sighs of sorrow drew
And wished another train was due.



A CHANGE IN THE SITUATION.



HERE was a little sickly kid,
That grazed along the way,
And children as they went to school
Would pelt him every day;

Or chase him up and down the road,
Until he'd run and hide,

And there, with fear, would stand and shake,
As long as one he spied.

But winter came; the kid was kept
Within the stable door;
And when the summer smiled again
He was afraid no more.

The children, on their way to school,
In wonder did espy

Him, prancing out upon the road,
With mischief in his eye.



"Last year," said he,
"about this time,
I was a scrawny kid,
And when you pelted me
with stones,
I ran away and hid.

But time, at last, as poets say,
Arranges matters fair,
And gives,
along with strength and years,
A heart to do and dare.

The bran, the beans,
the juicy hay,
And shelter from the cold,

Have not been given me in vain,
For now I'm strong and bold.

The year on you has scarcely shown,
And little
But, as your books,
'Tis different

You see, I've got
Am bearded
And if you want
I'm ready



change I note;
perhaps, will tell,
with a goat.

a pair of horns,
like a Turk,
a toss or two,
for the work.

I know you're awful fond of fun;
I well remember, still,
Your hearty laugh, when from my back,
The stones flew down the hill.

The scars they made you yet may see,
Where skin is shining bare;
For even winter's lengthy months,
Could not restore the hair!

Though time, at last, may hide the marks
That cruel hands bestow;

Still, in the mind
Though seasons

will live the wrong,
come and go."

Those children
Such sport would
And, in the pres-
Felt wondrous

then began to think
hardly please;
ence of that goat,
ill at ease;

For fear was seen

In every
In pallid cheeks,

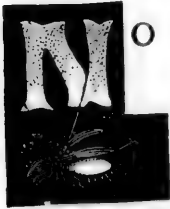
in every eye,
bristling hair,
and in the knees

That smote each other there.

So, ever after, to their school
They went another way,
And daily learned, that nature gives
The poorest thing its day.



THE BICYCLE IN THE WOODS.



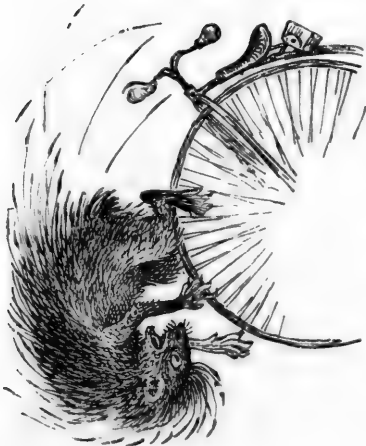
O easy task, it seems, to guide
The Bicycle through forest wide,
Where crooked roots are reaching out,
And mossy stones are spread about.

But, oftentimes, as stories go,
The woods present a lively show.
The wolf, the porcupine and hare,
The fox, the catamount and bear,
May there be found
at dead of night,
On wheels that yield
such great delight.
No student from
the college free,



No salesman from his rice or tea,
No clerk released from dusty room,

Where judges sit with brows of gloom,
Could greater joy or pleasure know
Than do those beasts, as round they go.



What though a fall may check the fun,
And end at once a rapid run?
What tho' some heels should sudden rise
To points reserved for ears or eyes?
This only serves to kindle zeal
To yet control and guide the wheel.

Thus let them sport as best they may,
A happy band, till morning gray;
For, while thus training through the trees,
The farmer's sheep may graze at ease,



And ducks and geese may rest their legs,
And lay the farmer's breakfast eggs.
So let the birds forsake their nest,
To cheer the one who rides the best,
Or hover round with mournful tones
The one who falls and breaks his bones.

THE DIALOGUE.



HE.
"Oh, here you come, with empty hand,
Though gone for half the night,
While hungry babies round me stand,
Without a single bite.

Your eyesight must be getting dim,
Or else your courage small,
Or you'd have reached your home ere this,
With something for us all.

Have you been feasting by yourself,
Secure from tooth and nail?
And now return from empty shelf,
To tell a woeful tale?"

HE.

"It seems that all the
Fates, my dear,
Against us are combined;

A harder night to find a bite,
I cannot call to mind.

I've seen hard times upon the sea,
In wild and stormy weather,
When lockers were not opened once
For days and days together.

And when, upon the western plain,
In winter's blizzard storm,
The folks were forced to burn their grain
To keep their bodies warm.
But here, in town, where stores abound,
And no distress is nigh,



A place where less was lying round,
Has never met my eye.

I stole about with anxious face,
By barrel, box and bin,



There's not a corner round the place,
My nose has not been in."

SHE.

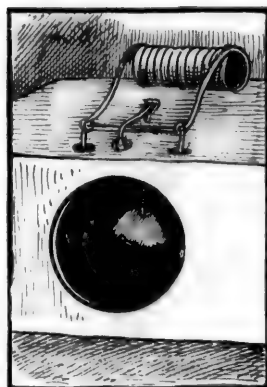
"Was there no cake or cheese around?
No cupboard door ajar?

No meal or candles to be found?
A worthless mouse you are."

HE.

"The cupboard's bolted at the top,
And buttoned down below;
There's nothing open but the trap,
Wherever I may go.

The servants ate the piece of cheese
Their mistress left at tea;
The crackers went for baby food,
There's nothing left for me."



SHE: "Was there no crust of bread, I pray?
No cake of soap to test?

I cannot think, whate'er you say,
That you have done your best."

HE: "The bread is locked within a box,
That seems as hard as stone;
I broke a tooth before I left
The plaguy thing alone.

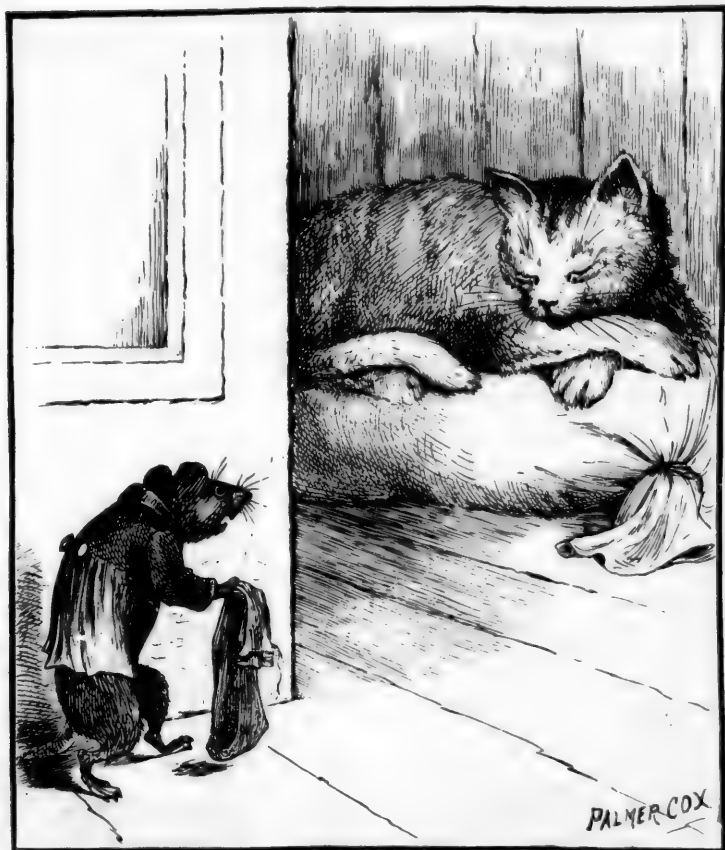
I think the people here must live
Like Indians on the plain,
For sight or scent of such a thing
As soap, I cannot gain.

The beans are in a covered pot,
That's either brass or steel;
The cat is lying on a sack,
That holds the barley meal.

When first I saw her stretching there,
So spotted, large and sleek,
I hardly was three feet away,
And scarce suppressed a squeak.



I rather think she's shamming, too,
I watched her half an hour,
And thought a false composure lay,
Upon her visage sour."



SHE: · "Are you a mouse, and know the house,
From garret floor to ground,
And still afraid to make a raid,
Because the cat's around?"

If I could leave my babies here,
Without a mother's care,
I'd have a bagful, never fear,
And eat my supper there."



HE: "I'm not the craven that you think;
Your stinging language spare,
With bravest mouse, in barn or house,
I'll very well compare."

SHE: "We mice are made for taking risks,
Else, why are we so spry?
But if you lose your life for us,
A noble death you die."



HE:

"Look on these scars that o'er me run,
That hint of nail and knife,
And tell me, do I look like one
Afraid to risk his life?"

Think you this split and haggled ear
And tail bereft of skin,
Bespeak a mouse who all the year
Abides the hole within?"

Does not this circle, red and raw,
Where hair will sprout no more,
Remind you of that night of awe,
When home the trap I bore?"

I've taken chances, scolding mate,
Though now you rant and rail,
I've nibbled from the trap the bait,
While lookers-on turned pale."

SHE:

"Your babies' cries ring in your ears;
Starvation is their fate,
Unless you can do something more
Than simply stand and prate.

What care we now for dangers past,
For scars on tail or brow?
With better reason might you brag
If you were bleeding now.

How can you look into those eyes,
Or on those sunken jaws,
Or note each pointed visage here,
And folded keep your paws?"

HE

"While I to drag a leg have power,
I'll stay to hear no more!
If I'm not back in half an hour,
Put crape upon the door."





THE LION AND RHINOCEROS.

LION once had vainly tried
To cross a river deep and wide;
For sickness had beset him sore,
Had shrunk his form and stilled his roar,
And made him fear the chilling flow,
That tumbled to the sea below.

An old rhinoceros, at last,
Who through the water often passed,



And did of friendship nothing lack,
Gave him a seat upon his back;
Then, with the lion, started o'er,
To leave him on the distant shore.

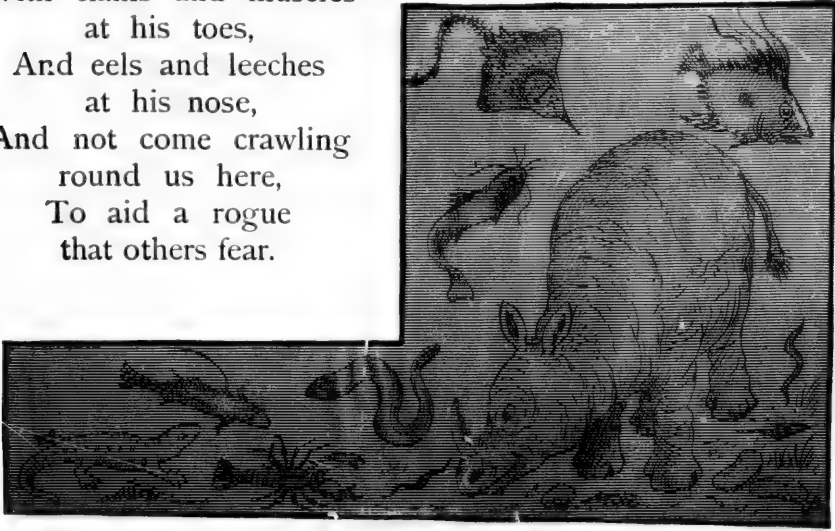
Now, other beasts, from either side,
The novel spectacle had spied,
And kept the earnest wish alive,
The old rhinoceros would dive;
Or, when he reached the current strong,
That through the channel swept along,
Would overboard
his burden throw,
And rid the country
of their foe.



But when upon the distant strand,
They saw the thankful lion stand,
With scarce a hair upon him wet,
And safe to chase or govern yet,
In anger every creature yelled,
A meeting on the spot was held,

And plots against the beast were laid,
Who dared to give the lion aid.

"If he's a fish," one speaker cried,
Let him beneath the water bide;
With clams and muscles
at his toes,
And eels and leeches
at his nose,
And not come crawling
round us here,
To aid a rogue
that others fear.



If he's indeed a beast of prey,
He should on land contented stay,
And not be keeping us in doubt
Which way to class the plated lout."

Thus things went on, from day to day.
At last they made a bold assay;
Combined to give, in minutes few,
The old rhinoceros his due.

But while the fight was under way,
And dark and doubtful seemed the day,
The lion, now both sound and strong,
As luck would have it came along.

A moment there he viewed the fight,
And quickly guessed the motive right;



"This mean, combined attack," said he,
"Is what he gets for aiding me."

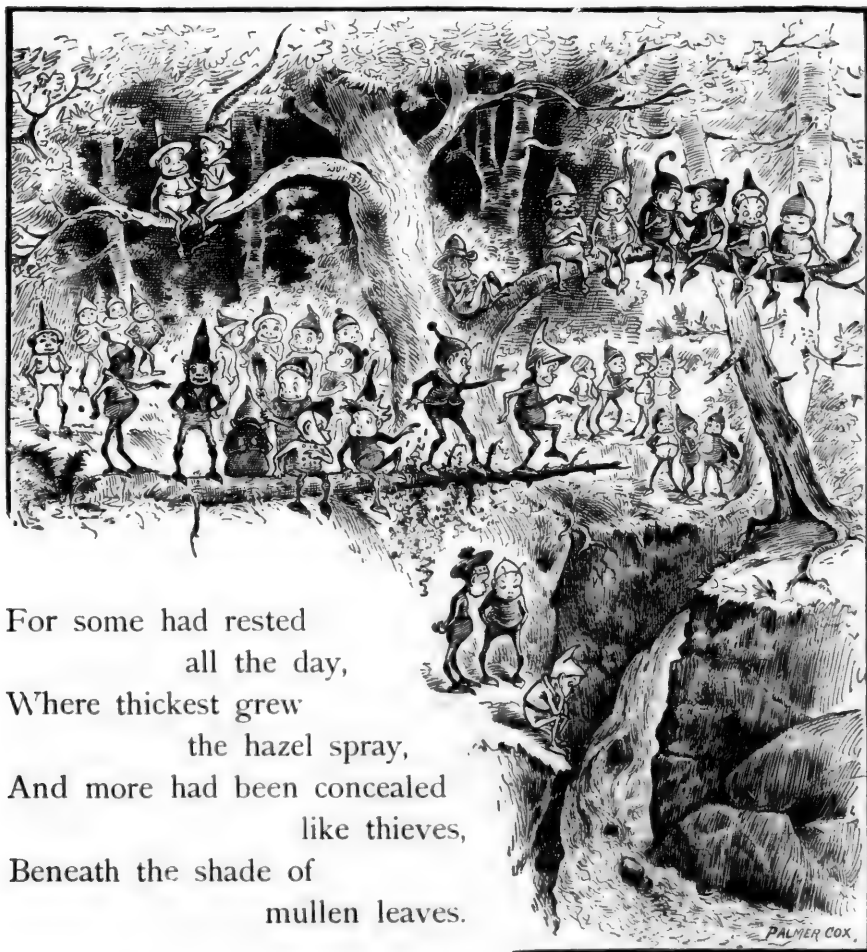
My sturdy friend of former day
Must have support without delay.
Though working well among his foes,
With stamping feet and tossing nose,
He needs assistance from a brother,
And one good turn deserves another."

With that he bounded to the fray,
And soon confusion marked his way.
The roar that from his throat arose
Made creatures tremble to their toes.
The howling band was forced to yield,
And left them masters of the field;
And ever after, side by side,
The couple journeyed far and wide,—
Friends, tried and true, as friends can be,
Who live by force and robbery;
While other beasts, by night and day,
Took care to give them right of way.



THE FAIRIES ON HORSEBACK.

As songsters hid in leafy bowers,
To rest their tongues till morning hours;
And bats came forth from dusty swings,
To shake the cramps from folded wings;
The Fairies sought some enterprise
That promised fun and exercise.



For some had rested
all the day,
Where thickest grew
the hazel spray,
And more had been concealed
like thieves,
Beneath the shade of
mullen leaves.

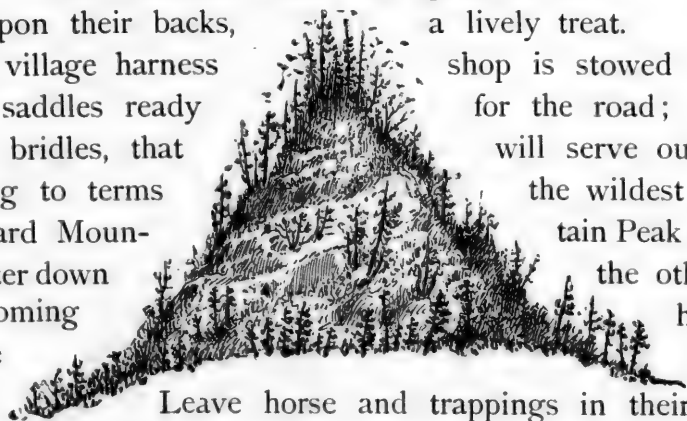
"Some plan," said one, "we must contrive
 To gain ere long a country drive;
 The farmers all have been assessed,
 The summer roads are at their best;
 The snapping whip and rattling gear
 Around on every side we hear."



Another spoke: "Of late my mind
 Has been to such a scheme inclined;
 On me depend to play my part,
 With daring act, and ready art,
 And aught the work in hand may claim,
 Or, strip me of the Fairy name.
 Where yonder brook through clover plays,
 At least a dozen horses graze;

Though most through service long are tame,
 And come at mention of their name
 A few are wild and full of fear,
 And frenzy as the mountain deer,
 And promise those who gain a seat

Upon their backs, a lively treat.
 The village harness shop is stowed
 With saddles ready for the road;
 And bridles, that will serve our need
 And bring to terms the wildest steed.
 To Buzzard Mountain Peak we'll ride,
 Then canter down the other side,
 And coming homeward
 round the base

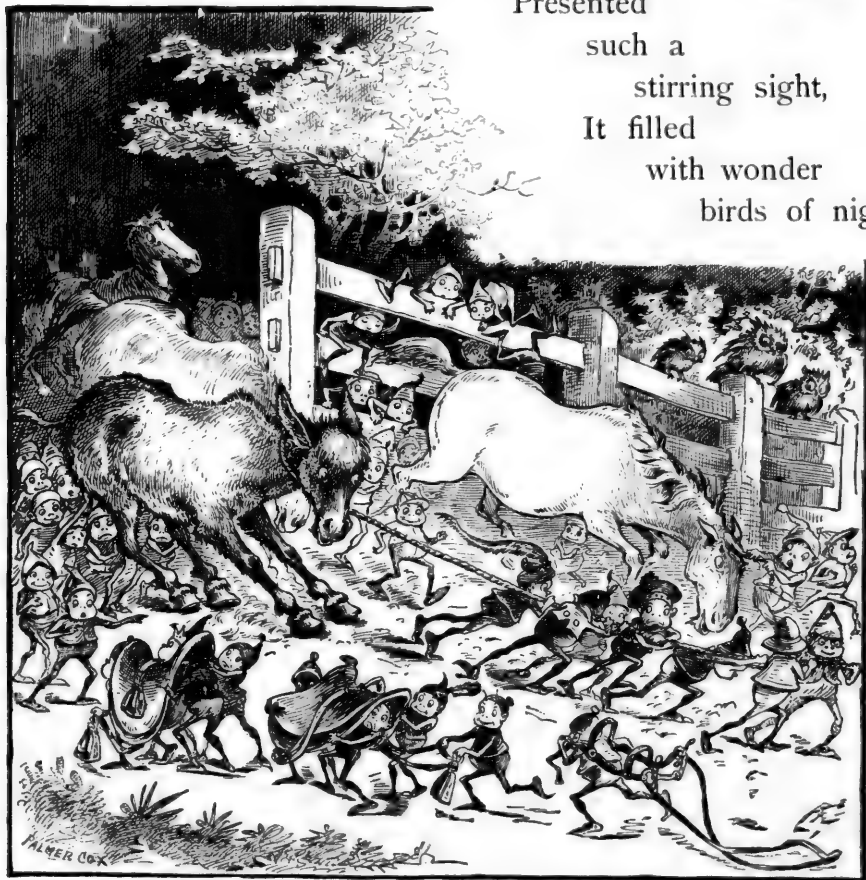


Leave horse and trappings in their place."

Next evening, as one may suppose,
Who well the Fairies' nature knows,
The stretch of ground that lay between
The saddler's shop and pasture green,



Presented
such a
stirring sight,
It filled
with wonder
birds of night.



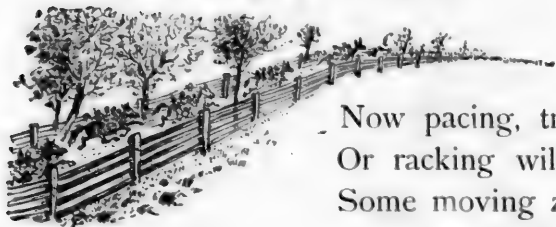
Some brought the horses to the store;
Some to the field the saddles bore;
Believing this the surest way
To guard against a long delay.

They found the saddles at command,
Outnumbered far the steeds on hand,
But strapped them on in every case,
Without the least regard to place,
Till hip, and back, and shoulder-bone
Could boast a saddle of their own.



When every mouth had found a bit,
And girths were drawn to tightest fit,
They hurried up and down the track,
In search of aid to mount the back;
Some taking, when a chance they found,
Advantage of the rising ground;

While others from a stone or stump,
Or friendly rail would take the jump;
And those who latest clambered there
And found no saddle room to spare,
Without a murmur, at the side
In swinging stirrups, rode in pride.



Now pacing, trotting, jogging slow,
Or racking wildly, off they go;
Some moving zig-zag up the lane
As this, or that, controlled the rein;

While through each head the question passed,
Which ditch would have the load at last;
And frogs that rose on either side
To sing their songs at even-tide,
Went down at once without debate
In expectation of the weight.



As when Napoleon's Legions poured
Across the Alps, with flame and sword,
So bravely o'er

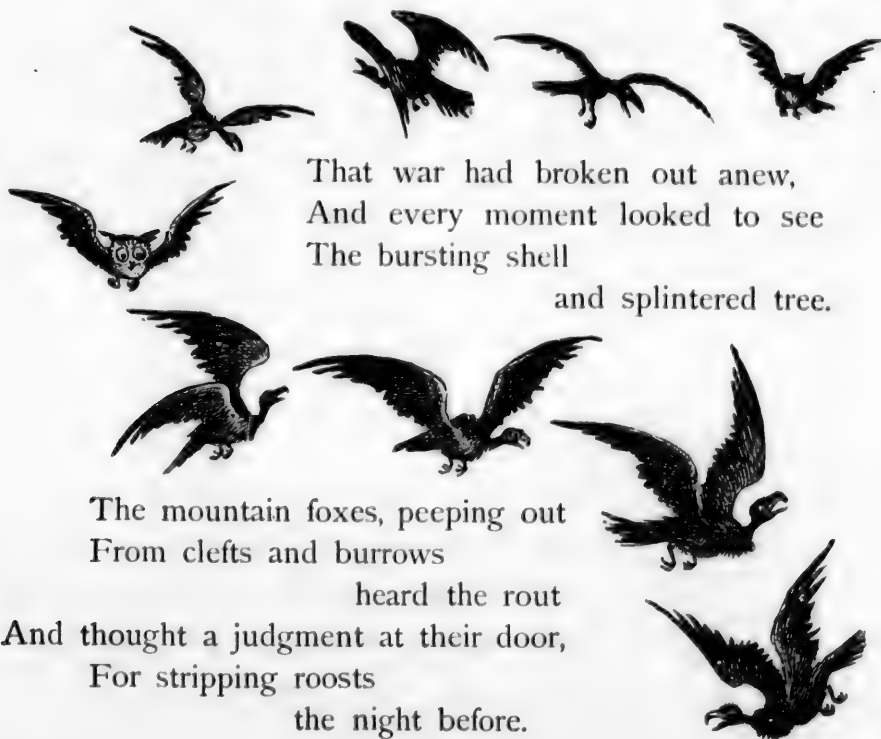
the steepest grade,
Advanced
the Fairy cavalcade.

While overhead
in flocks arose,
The startled buzzards,
owls and crows,

Believing,
as they screaming flew,

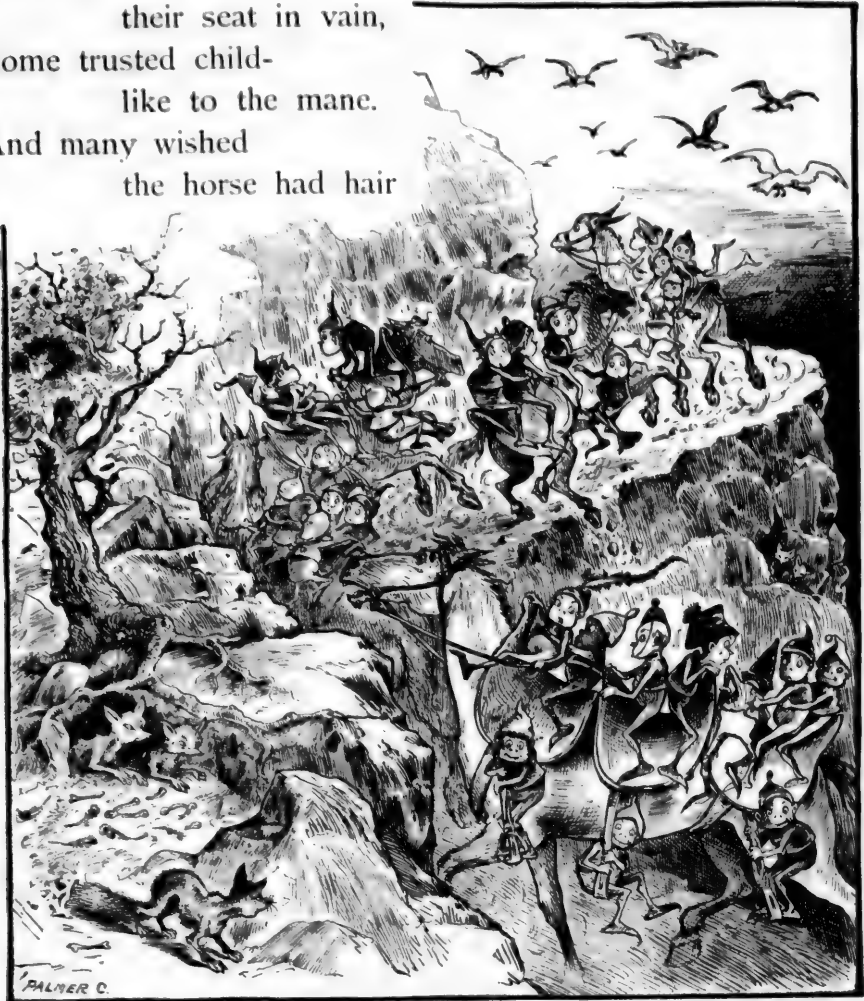


That war had broken out anew,
And every moment looked to see
The bursting shell
and splintered tree.



The mountain foxes, peeping out
From clefts and burrows
heard the rout
And thought a judgment at their door,
For stripping roosts
the night before.

But little time the riders found
To view the scenes that lay around.
Some tried to keep
their seat in vain,
Some trusted child-
like to the mane.
And many wished
the horse had hair



As long and shaggy as the bear,
For lighter labor then would fall
To those whose chance of hold was small.

The Peak was gained, then true to plan
The steep descent the troop began ;
But greater dangers still attend
The risky ways that downward bend.



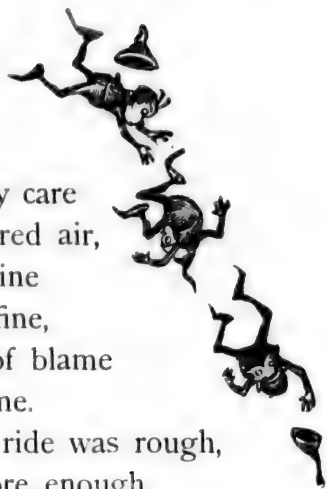
And soon mishaps among the crew
Were neither far apart nor few.
Some creatures in their eager state,
To reach again the pasture gate

With slips and stumbles down the road
Themselves, as well as riders, throwed;
Then, over all, excitement reigned
Till lost positions were regained.

But Fairies still through every care
Preserve the same good-natured air,
And nothing in the trouble line
Can overthrow their temper fine,
Or draw the slightest word of blame
On leading spirits in the game.

And though that mountain ride was rough,
And all were lame and sore enough
When, training homeward round the base,
They reached at last the starting-place,
Yet all declared their mind would hold
That trip, as years around them rolled,
And said the exercise they found
That night would last the season round.

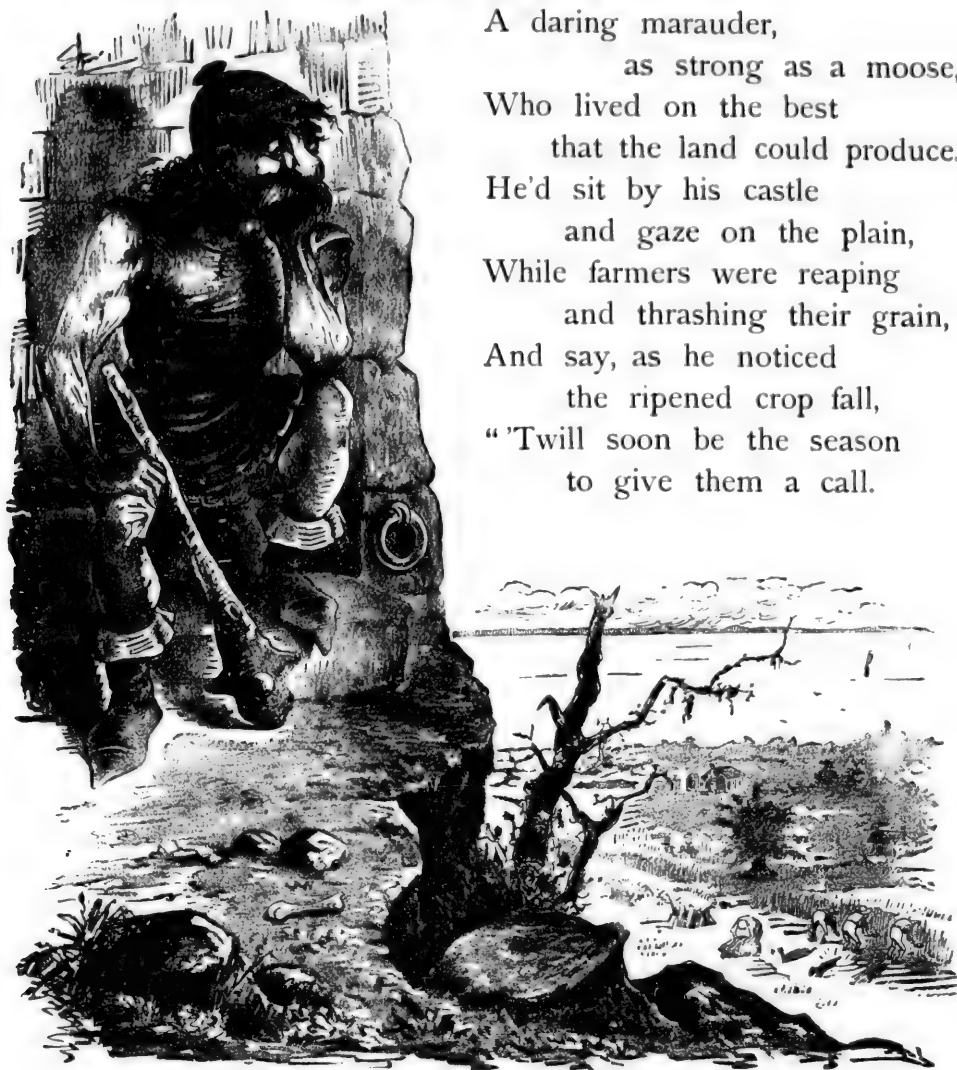
When morning opened wide her door
All things were resting, as before.
The saddler's stock was hanging still,
The beasts were grazing on the hill,
And but for tracks along the road
That recent heavy travel showed,
No signs were there that gave away
The secret that with Fairies lay.
The wondering beasts and birds of night,
Alone could tell the tale aright.



BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT.

THERE was an old giant, named Bugaboo Bill,
Resided in England, on top of a hill;

A daring marauder,
as strong as a moose,
Who lived on the best
that the land could produce.
He'd sit by his castle
and gaze on the plain,
While farmers were reaping
and thrashing their grain,
And say, as he noticed
the ripened crop fall,
" 'Twill soon be the season
to give them a call.



The yield will be great, not a weevil in sight,
Nor a grasshopper near, nor the sign of a blight.
We people are blessed in this part of the Isle,
For over in Wales they are
And when came the hour
When corn was in cribs, and

starving the while."
to levy his tax,—
the barley in sacks,



When the fruit was all gathered, and ready for sale
Were poultry and cattle—then down, without fail,
Would come, uninvited, old Bugaboo Bill,
And carry a load to his home on the hill.

The farmers had often declared they would stand
And guard their possessions, with weapon in hand.
In bands they would muster, with mattocks and hoes,
With sickles and pitchforks, his march to oppose;

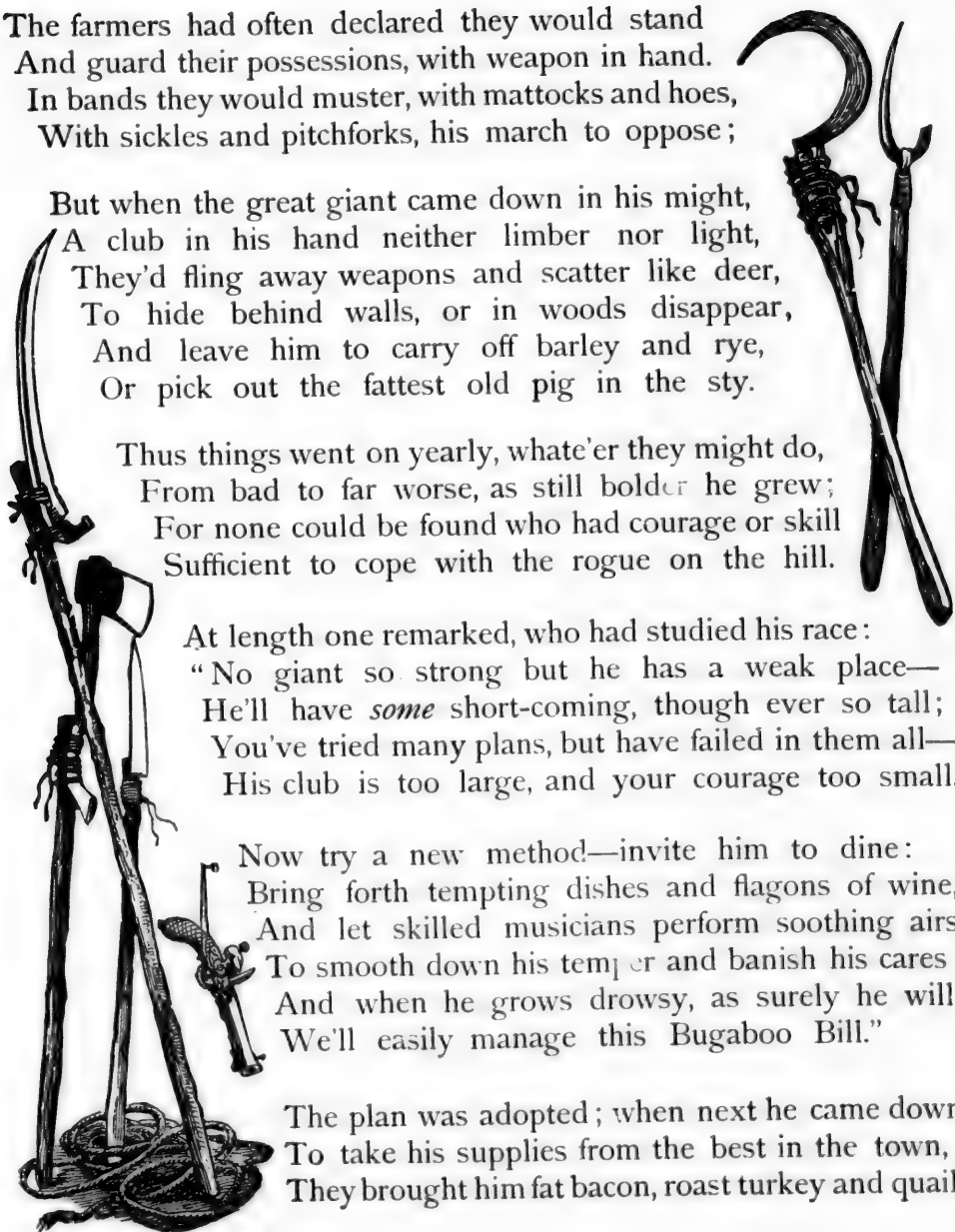
But when the great giant came down in his might,
A club in his hand neither limber nor light,
They'd fling away weapons and scatter like deer,
To hide behind walls, or in woods disappear,
And leave him to carry off barley and rye,
Or pick out the fattest old pig in the sty.

Thus things went on yearly, whate'er they might do,
From bad to far worse, as still bolder he grew;
For none could be found who had courage or skill
Sufficient to cope with the rogue on the hill.

At length one remarked, who had studied his race:
"No giant so strong but he has a weak place—
He'll have *some* short-coming, though ever so tall;
You've tried many plans, but have failed in them all—
His club is too large, and your courage too small.

Now try a new method—invite him to dine:
Bring forth tempting dishes and flagons of wine,
And let skilled musicians perform soothing airs
To smooth down his temper and banish his cares;
And when he grows drowsy, as surely he will,
We'll easily manage this Bugaboo Bill."

The plan was adopted; when next he came down
To take his supplies from the best in the town,
They brought him fat bacon, roast turkey and quail,



With flagons of sherry and beakers of ale;
Good beef in abundance, and fruit that was sweet;
In short, every dish that could tempt him to eat

Well pleased was the giant to see them so kind,
So frank and forbearing, to pardon inclined;



He helped himself freely to all that was nice—
To poultry, to pastry, and puddings of rice,
To wines that were potent to steal unaware;
From limbs that were large all the strength that was there;

While 'round him musicians were ranged in a ring,
Some turning a crank, and some scraping a string.

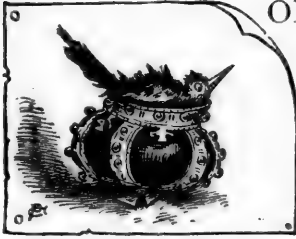
A poet read sonnets composed for the day,
A singer sang ballads, heroic and gay,
Until all the air was replete with a sound,
That softened the feelings and enmity drowned.

The task was not easy; for half a day long
They treated the giant to music and song;
The piper played all the sweet airs that he knew;
The fiddler seemed sawing his fiddle in two,
With tunes from the Shannon, the Tiber and Tyne,
And tunes from the Danube, the Seine and the Rhine;
The organist worked as though turning a mill,
But still wide awake remained Bugaboo Bill.

At last he grew drowsy, confused was his mind
With feasting and drinking, and music combined.
And when he had sunk in a stupid repose,
A monster balloon was brought out by his foes.



KING CAULIFLOWER.



OLD Cauliflower was a king
who ruled o'er land and sea;
He took a penny from the till
of his great treasury,
And with the money in his hand,
he ran about the town,
To make a purchase of a pint of pea-nuts roasted brown.



The king was not,
as monarchs go,
decidedly severe,
But, in financial matters,
he, perhaps,
was rather near.
He haggled with
old women
at the corner of the square,
Then found a dark Italian,
who did stammer
and did stare.
The monarch overawed him,
with his flowing
ermine gown,

His gold-enameled sceptre, and his diamond-studded crown;
So he took the proffered penny, at a sacrifice, no doubt,
And, afraid of royal anger, the pea-nuts measured out.

And when he brought them to his room it was the king's intent,
To eat the pea-nuts in the bed before to sleep he went.
To this the queen objection made, and very well she might,
For he was well along in years, and late it was at night;
Then said the crabbed Cauliflower: "Am I not a king?
And may I not do what I please, and swallow anything?
O, have a care, my queenly dame, my wish is law, you know,
And, if I do but say the word, your saucy head may go!"



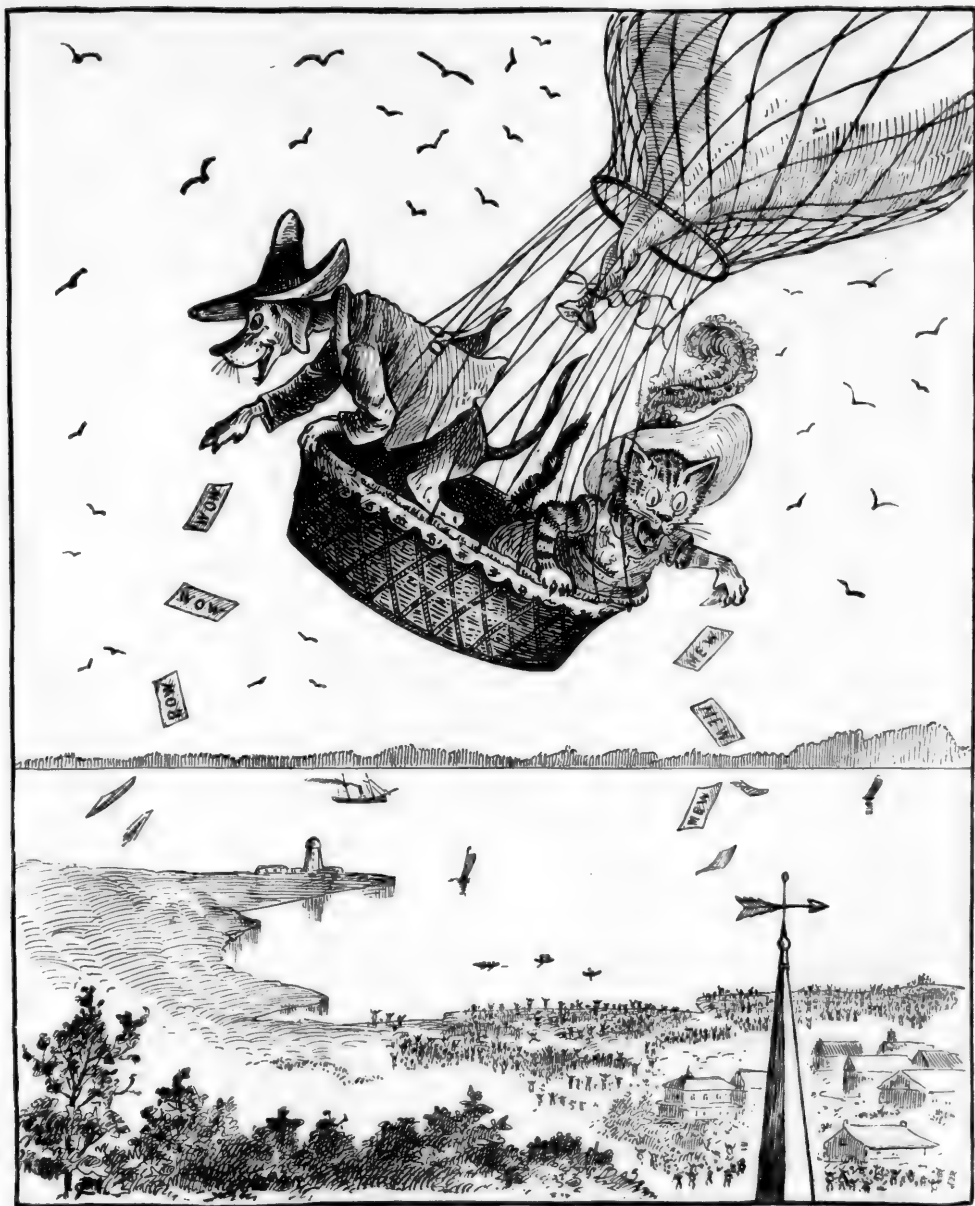
Then quick the fearless queen replied: "Go, frighten slave or fool,
But I would have you understand that here 'tis I who rule;
So take your pea-nuts somewhere else, and may they cost you dear,
For, were you fifty times a king, you'll not be munching here!"
Then, out upon the steps of stone, in silence sat his grace,
And ate the pint of roasted nuts before he left the place.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.



DOG and a Pussy, one fine afternoon,
Set off on a pleasure trip in a balloon;
Oh, pussy was sleek, and her eyes they were green,
And she was the prettiest cat ever seen;
While Ponto was proud, with short, glossy hair,
You'd think that the prince of all doggies was there;
So great was the wonder of old and young people,
When up they went sailing, clear over the steeple;
And great was the clamor and shouts of surprise,
To see the brave couple send back their "good-byes."

They sailed to the left, and they sailed to the right,
And rose high and higher, in wildest delight;
Now over the mountains, now over the vales,
Now over the water, all dotted with sails;
Now moving quite gently, now up with a bound,
To frighten the life out o' birds flying round;
Now able to glance away down at the plain,
Now lost in a cloud that was loaded with rain.
But while they were sporting, it chanced the balloon
Sailed rather too close to a horn of the moon,
And soon they were dangling, all tangled and tight,
Exposed to the rays of its silvery light.



"Oh, dear!" murmured pussy; "I'm sure we shall die
If we are left hanging up here in the sky!"

"Be calm," cried her partner;
"nor shed a bright tear,

With me at your side
there is nothing to fear;

So don't begin mewling
nor get in a stew.

Soon, freed from
all danger,

our trip
we'll

pursue."

One stroke

of the
hatchet,

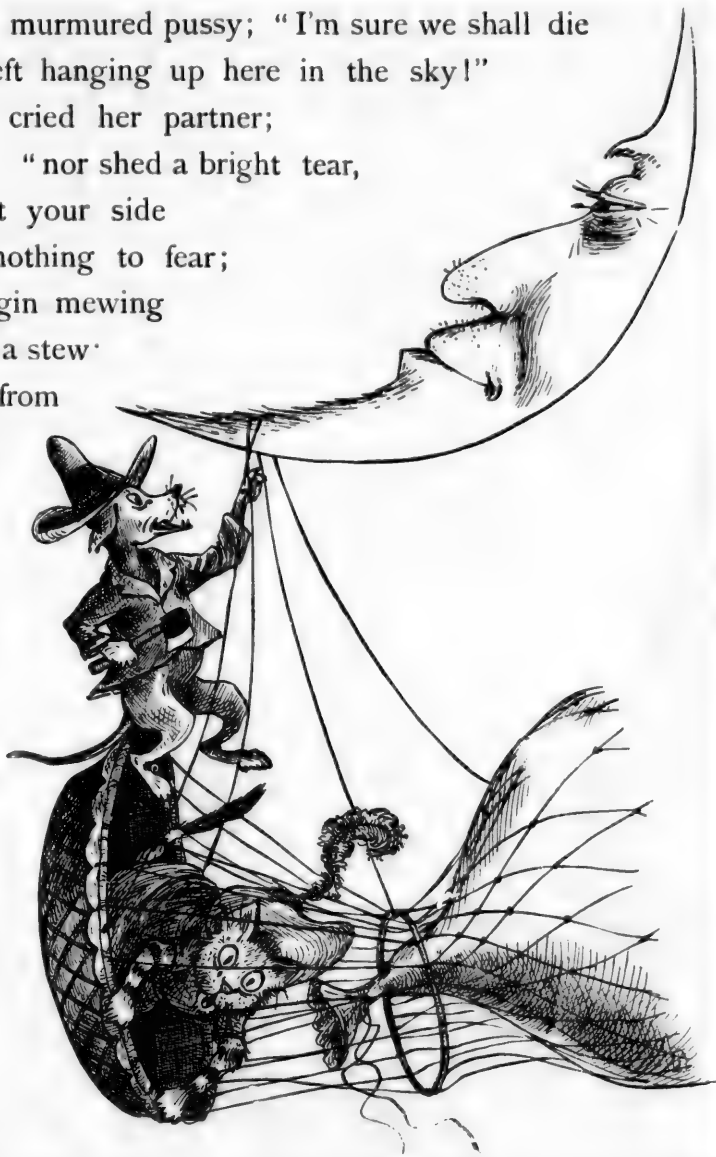
a snap and
a bound,

And
fast they

were
dropping

again
to

the ground.



Then people ran round in a great screaming throng,
To catch at the ropes that were dragging along;
And brought down the basket, then loud was the shout
That greeted the pair from the boat stepping out;
For never before, in the country or town,
Had creatures like these won such fame and renown,
And long they were treated with kindest regard,
Enjoying the freedom of every one's yard,
While cream of the sweetest, and meat that was rare,
Was free to them always as water and air.





THE STYLISH PAIR.

LD Bruin dressed him for the ball,
With slippers, swallow-tail and all,
With low-cut vest, and white cravat,
And latest fashion stove-pipe hat;
Then, turning to his partner fair,
He thus addressed the Lady Bear.

“Come, dress yourself
without delay,
And to the dance we’ll
take our way;
There’s not a cloud now,
east or west,
Much larger than my
summer vest;
So we can saunter
o’er the land,
And never fear a storm
at hand.
Put on the gown you wore
that hour
When first my heart con-
fessed your power;
The bonnet, too, that took my eye,
The night I saw you tripping by,
And vowed to claim you as my own,
Before another week had flown.
I never feel so truly great
As when I walk beside my mate,
And think how wretched they must be,
Who single live, compared with me.



How much I pity those who groan,
 Beneath the cares of life alone;
 Without a partner, true and tried,
 Their worth to praise, their faults to hide.
 Far better, underneath the clay,
 Be hidden, on their natal day,
 Than on to dissolution wend,
 With none to cherish or defend."



His
 loving mate
 smiled sweet
 and wide,
 And heard his
 compliments
 with pride;
 For more she
 prized her
 partner bold
 Than pork,
 or mutton,
 young or old.



She to her wardrobe ran in haste,
 And soon was dressed with finest taste;
 They made, indeed, a striking pair,
 As through the woods they journeyed there.

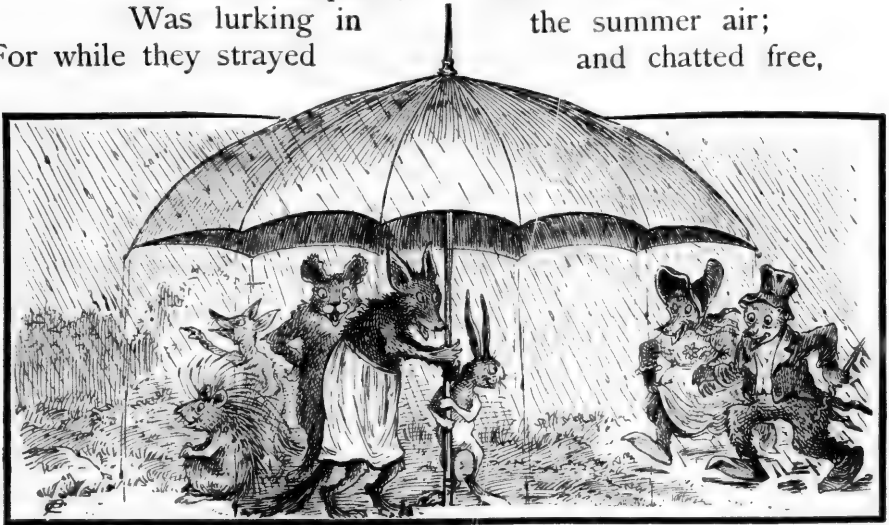
Her visage wore its sweetest smile,
 Her bonnet showed the reigning style,
 Her looped-up gown of navy blue,
 Left both her shapely feet in view,
 And well might he survey with pride,
 The graceful creature by his side



As, arm in arm, they walked along,
Observed by all the wondering throng.

But, ah! how oft' a cloud can mar
The lustre of the brightest star.
How soon a cold and cruel shower
Can spoil the pleasures of the hour!

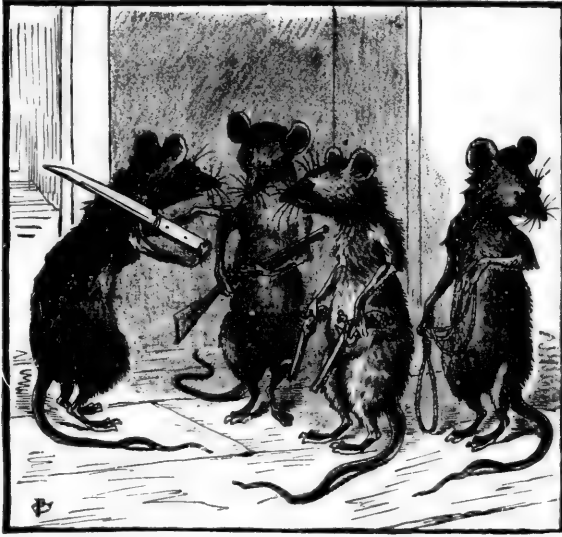
Alas! deception, full and fair,
Was lurking in the summer air;
For while they strayed and chatted free,



A storm was rising from the sea,
And, long ere they could reach the ball,
The drenching rain began to fall.
With extra force, it pelted down
And soaked the swallow-tail and gown,
And changed the hat and bonnet fine,
To objects that no more would shine;
And while, a sheltering spot to gain,
The couple ran, through wind and rain,
Now rushing here and diving there.
The dance went on without the pair.

THE DARING MICE.

Some mice in council met one night,
And vowed by this and that,



That they would arm
themselves for fight,
And brave the tyrant cat.

Said they: "Why longer
fear her power?"

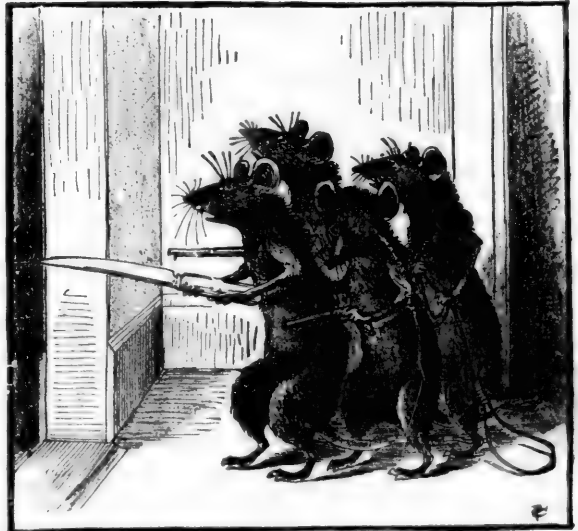
'Tis time our strength
to try;

We'll hang her by
the neck this hour,
Or in the effort die?"

Two pistols and a
carving-knife,

A rifle and a rope,
Were instruments
of war enough
To justify their hope.

So with the Captain
in the front,
The hangman
in the rear,
They started out
to search for puss
Without a thought
of fear.

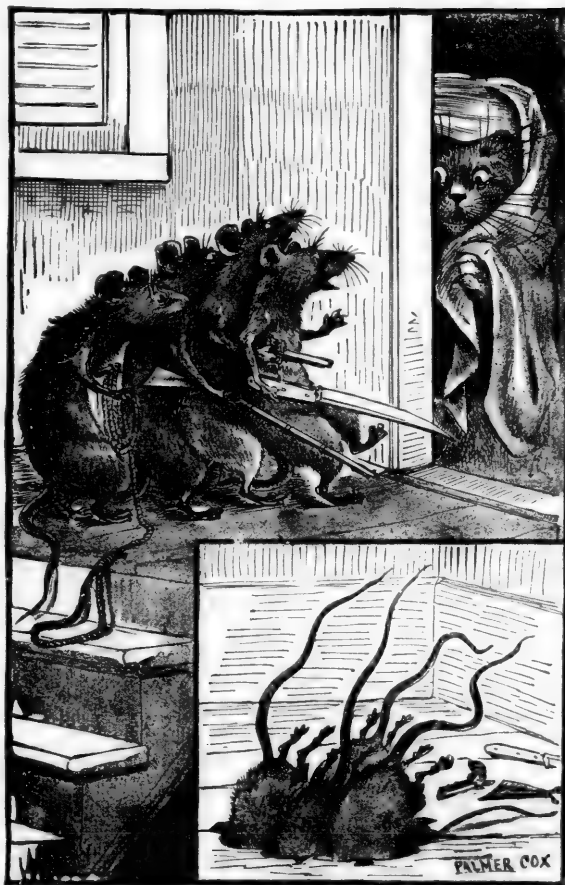


Through silent halls and broken walls,
With cautious step and slow,
And furtive glances right and left,
From room to room they go.

Now pausing by a
nook or sill,
Where trouble might
be found,
Now crowding close
and closer still,
At every trifling sound.

But when before
an open door
The cat appear'd in sight,
The very instruments
they bore
Seemed paralyzed
with fright.

The Captain shrinking
in the van,
The hangman
crouched behind,
The pistol-shot
and rifleman
Had but a single mind.



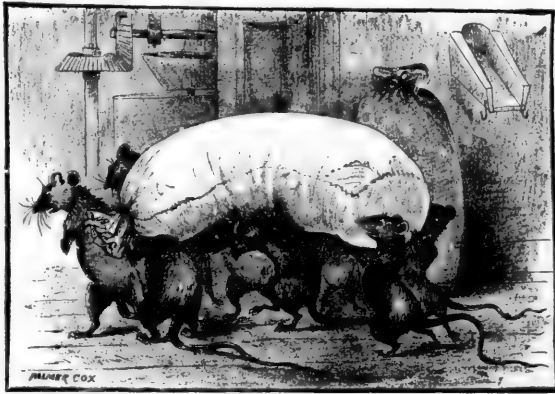
In doubt and dread they turned and fled,
And lucky mice were they,
To find a hole so large that all
At once could run away.



THE RATS AND THE MEAL.

NE summer's night, when all was still,
And motionless the wheel,
Some rats ran through the village mill,
And stole a bag of meal.

No place was that for them to stop
And settle every claim,
For pussy on the scene might pop
And spoil their little game.



And cunning rats are never slow,
To choose the safest plan;
So some behind, and some before,
And some beside it, ran.

And hurry-scurry, tooth and nail,
They dragged it to the door,
And then, upon their shoulders, soon
Away the treasure bore.



But how a lit-
A little
Or little hand
May change

Now as they hast-
Along a nar-
The heavy load
And to the

And downward,
Ere they could
With many a little
The thieves

Some underneath
And struggled
All felt the press-
Ere they could

So then for life



tle step aside,
pause of fear,
not well applied,
a whole career.

en'd from the room
row plank,
went in the flume,
bottom sank.

with the bag of meal,
loose their hold,
squeak and squeal,
together rolled.

the sack were pin'd
minutes there,
ing need of wind,
reach the air.

they had to swim,

But when they reached the shore,
They dried themselves around a fire,
And vowed to steal no more.



THE HENS' ADVENTURE.

THREE setting hens forsook their nests, in pleasant summer weather,
And, searching for a needful bite, they started out together;
Through pasture land and stubble field, they ran a mile or more,
All struggling for the locust prize that hopped along before.



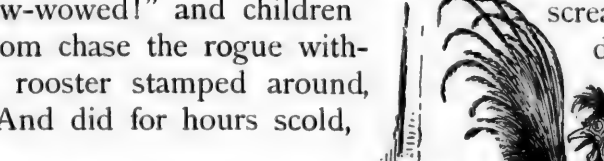
Sometimes they climbed across a fence, at times they crowded thro',
Now one, more active than the rest, would lead the other two;
At times the race was neck and neck, with expectation high,
But when almost within their reach, away again he'd fly.
Five minutes only could they spare, in which to scratch a meal,
No wonder, then, the race they ran was carried on with zeal.
It seemed a woeful waste of time to follow such a sprite,
But hope was large and hunger keen, and nothing else in sight.

At length a pond before them lay, and into this he flew,
And swam across its surface smooth, and that they could not do.
But ere they had a moment's time to ponder on their woes,



From out his burrow in the ground, a cunning fox arose;
A daring rascal, that had long been plundering up and down,
And always kept the price of eggs and chickens high in town.

the frightened hens in barn and
 "bow-wow!" and children
 from chase the rogue with-
 the rooster stamped around,
 And did for hours scold,



these poor old biddies found
 all their eggs were cold.

WHAT THE BUTTERFLY SAYS.

The bees, with many cares oppressed,
Do all their arts employ
To gather treasure to their nest,
That they will ne'er enjoy.
For man or beast will seize the comb
And eat them out of house and home

It makes me sad when clouds come o'er
To hide the golden sun,
Because 'twill shine for me no more
When some few weeks have run;
And little joy comes with the hour
That hides its face and brings the shower.

I only have a month or two,
And time soon runs away
When one is seeing something new,



Or sporting every day;
And how the little people try
To catch me as I flutter by!

But I know what they want me for—
It's not to use me right;
It's not to give me sunny fields,
With daisies sprinkled white;
But just to pin me on the wall
To show their friends, and that is all

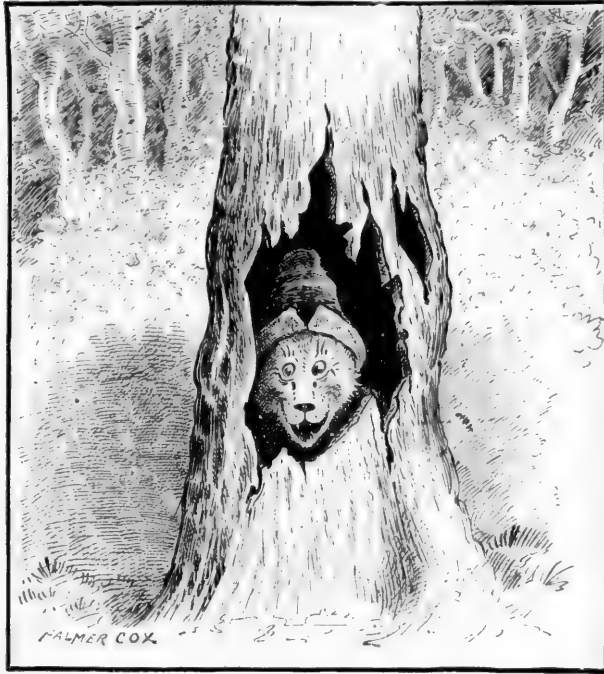
A SPOILED GAME.

ONE day, by chance, while roaming round,
A hollow tree old Bruin found,



That stood beside the grassy mead,
Where flocks of sheep were wont to feed,

"Well, this is luck, indeed," said he,
As, pausing there, he viewed the tree.
"Concealed within this trunk, I'll find
A splendid chance to suit the mind,
And, from my hiding-place, behold
The fattest sheep that leave the fold.



No lengthy race round stumps or trees
Will be required, for here, at ease,
I'll bide my time and keep my place
Until they graze around the base,
Then, paralyze the flock with fear,
And live on mutton half the year."

So, in the tree to try the game,
He promptly squeezed his burly frame.

And smiled a smile from ear to ear,
At thought of rarest pleasure near.
But plans, in spite of care and skill,
Are often non-productive still;
And thus it happened with the bear,
Whose prospects seemed so bright and fair;
For, in that hollow, large and round,
A swarm of bees a home had found.

And, through the summer months,

had been

Both loyal to their cause
and queen;

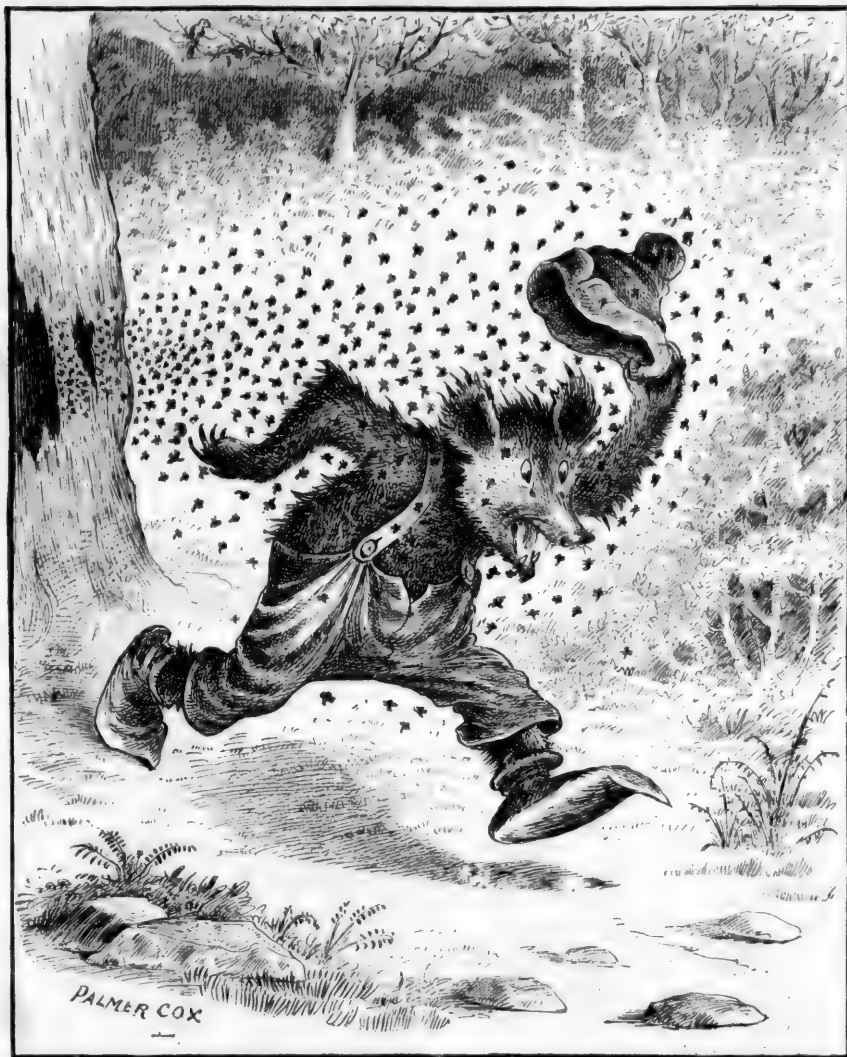
And, tier on tier,
the sweets had stowed
Around their improvised abode



So now, when Bruin's
shaggy hide,
At once the air and light
denied,
The murmuring tribes were
nothing slow
To issue from the depths
below,
The strange eclipse
to now behold
That almanacs had not
foretold.



It didn't take old Bruin long
To learn that something must be wrong.



Thermometers he needed not
To soon convince him, that the spot

Was ninety-nine degrees too hot.

Far quicker than this line is penned,

He tried the temperature to mend;

And, filled with wonder, pain and fright,

He scrambled up as best he might.

Just how he dragged, or how he threw

His body out, he hardly knew;

But in some sure and sudden way

He reached the grass without delay,

Then through the brush and briars flew,

Escorted by the spiteful crew.

While mating birds their nests soon lined

With tufts of hair he left behind.

The flocks, from neighboring hillocks green,

In great delight surveyed the scene.

The playful lambs stood in a crowd,

And hopped, and skipped, and laughed aloud;

And sober sheep of solemn style,

That ne'er before were known to smile,

Now held their sides, and wagged the head,

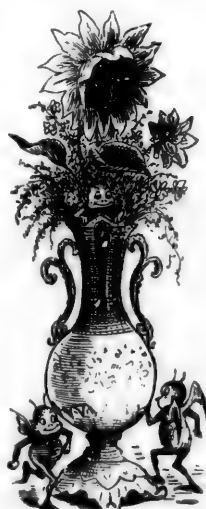
And laughed until each face was red.



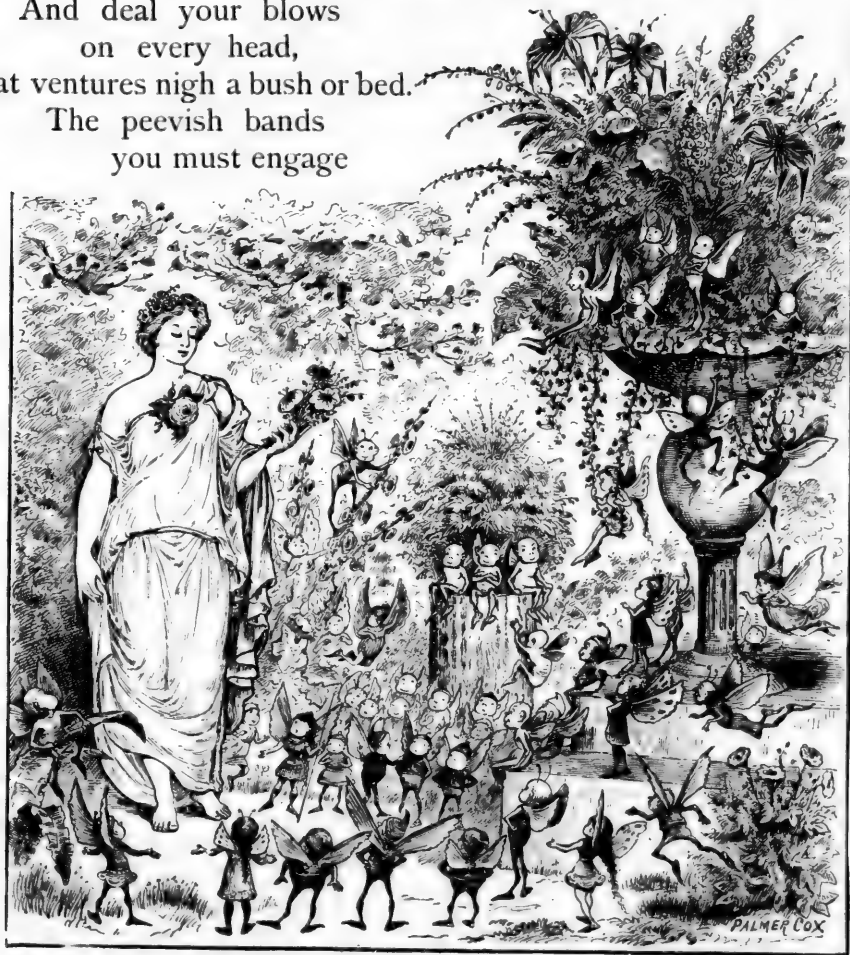


FAIRIES AND THE INSECTS.

ONE morn, in summer's brightest hours,
 Sweet Flora, goddess of all flowers,
 Above the garden waved her hand,
 And called around a Fairy band.
 "Protect," said she, "those blossoms fair,
 From plundering tribes that fill the air.
 From every quarter, here they come,
 With whirring song and hungry hum.
 From pink to pink, from rose to rose,
 The active bee, unwearied, goes;
 The beetle on the crocus falls,
 And in the bell the emmet crawls.
 We might o'erlook the gaudy host,
 Whose lease of life is brief at most;
 And butterflies in mercy spare,
 Who no defensive weapons bear,
 But, by their actions none the best,
 They set examples for the rest;
 So, all alike must feel the smart,
 Of severed head or bleeding heart.



Around the opening blossoms stand,
 With ready weapons in your hand;
 And deal your blows
 on every head,
 That ventures nigh a bush or bed.
 The peevish bands
 you must engage



Are nothing slow a war to wage;
 They'll shower dangers thick and fast,
 And test your mettle to the last.
 Beware the emmet's poison breath,
 And beetles' arms that hug to death.

And in the fight, I charge you well,
 Beware the bee, and hornet-fell;
 For swift and vicious thrusts they deal,
 That soon can make the strongest reel."



According to her strict command,
 With ready weapons, stood the band,
 Around the flowers, and hurled the thieves,
 By thousands, from the trembling leaves.

As day advanced, and up the sky
 The sun was rolling, hot and high;
 The insects, thick and thicker flew,
 And fiercer still the battle grew.

The hornets fell with broken stings,
 With crippled legs and tattered wings;
 The beetles tumbled round the beds,
 With aching backs and dizzy heads;



While emmets, maddened by the blows,
 Attacked, alike, their friends and foes;
 And thus, unceasing, raged the fight,
 Till closed around the shades of night.

Then baffled bees fled in dismay,
 The hornets dragged themselves away;

The beetles crept to mossy walls,
The ants retired to earthen halls,



And then the bat of evening rose,
To guard the flowers through sweet repose.

ENTERTAINING THE CALLER.

Uneasy, on the parlor chair,
The caller waits his lady fair;



Who is preparing—nothing slow,
With him to dance, or play to go.

While children, ever sweet and dear,
About the caller gather near;
To see his watch, arrange cravat,
To read his book and try his hat,
To entertain and climb about,
And try his temper well, no doubt.

